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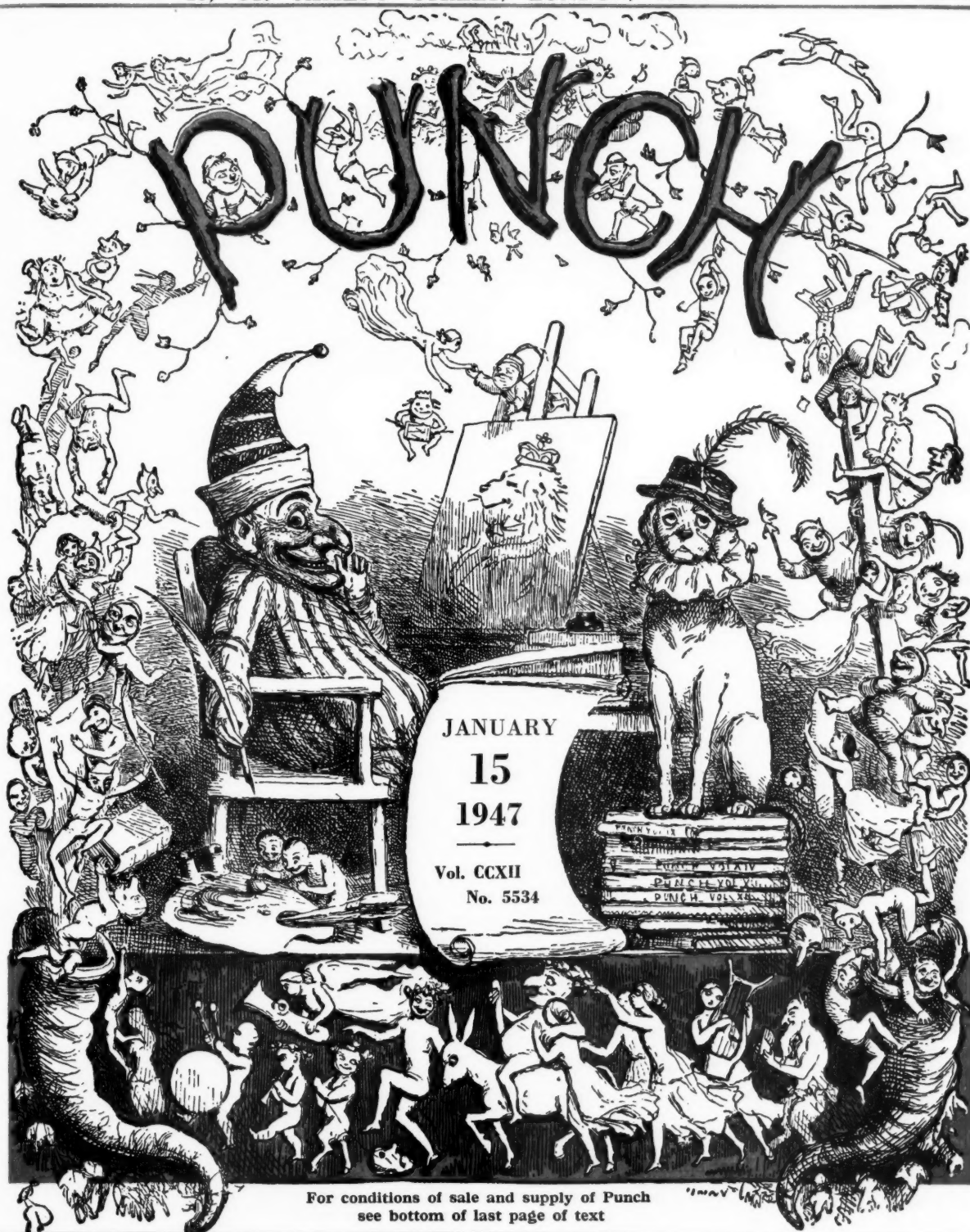
MOTOR UNION

INSURANCE COMPANY LTD

10, ST. JAMES'S STREET, LONDON, S.W.1

FEB 4 - 1947

DETROIT



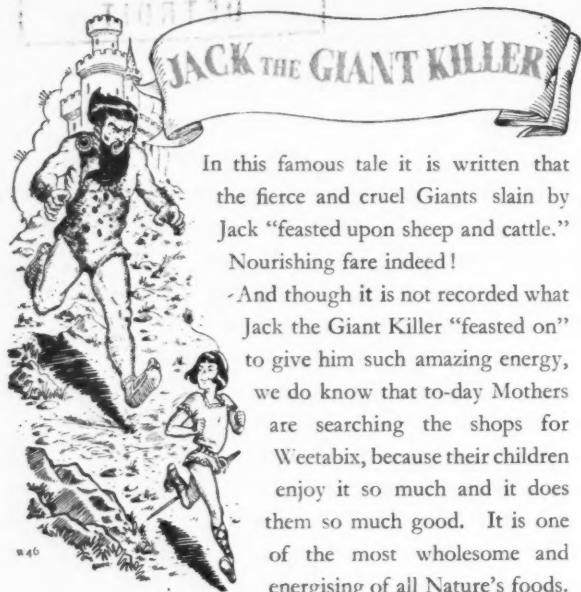
For conditions of sale and supply of Punch
see bottom of last page of text



Imperial Typewriters

MADE IN
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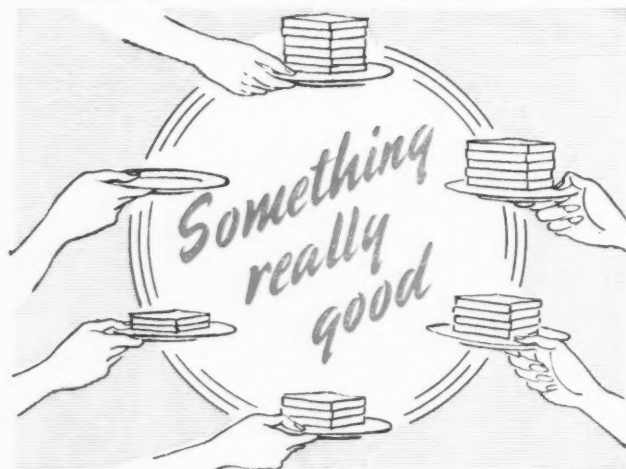


In this famous tale it is written that the fierce and cruel Giants slain by Jack "feasted upon sheep and cattle." Nourishing fare indeed!

And though it is not recorded what Jack the Giant Killer "feasted on" to give him such amazing energy, we do know that to-day Mothers are searching the shops for Weetabix, because their children enjoy it so much and it does them so much good. It is one of the most wholesome and energising of all Nature's foods.

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MORE than a Breakfast Food

Prices: 7½d. (4 points). Large size 1/1d. (8 points). Sold everywhere. Supplies limited. WEETABIX LTD., BURTON LATIMER, NORTHANTS.



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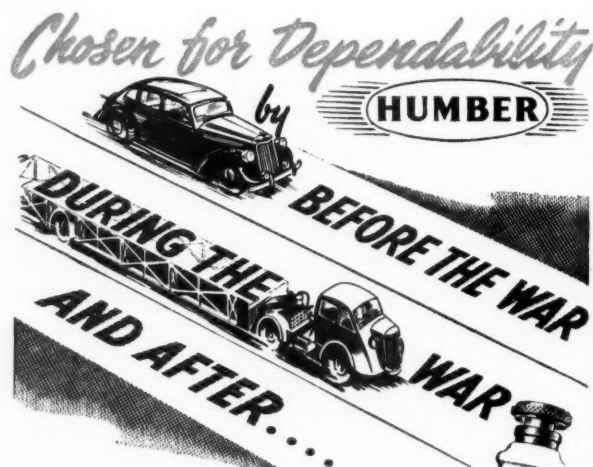
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Capsules, per bottle of 25, 2/6; 100, 8/6 • Liquid, per phial, enough for 16 days 2/-



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The choice of the British Motor Industry

CHAMPION SPARKING PLUG COMPANY LIMITED, FELTHAM, MIDDLESEX

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*... it's triple
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*Enjoyed
since 1820*



JAMES BURROUGH LTD., 75 CALE DISTILLERY, LAMBETH, LONDON, S.E.11

*"My word! You've had a
good shave this morning"*



**-He's changed to
COLGATE
Brushless
SHAVE CREAM**

It's the modern way to smooth, cool, easy shaving without sting or burn. Try it for yourself. Wet your face. Spread on some Colgate Brushless. Then shave!

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The glass can say what it likes, her mirror says 'fine'. Modern wool garments have all the old-fashioned virtues of warmth and comfortable ease. So she remains youthful in wool...constant nymph fashionably dressed for fickle weather.



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- 1 Wool Hat in snappy felt.
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- 5 Wool Dress for freshness.



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WOOL this Winter

Issued by the
International Wool Secretariat

G.157

The Policy for Children

£12 a year invested for a child, if the investment is begun within two months of birth, will provide

at age 18

£92 p.a. for 3 years, or

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£323 down, or a life policy for £1,044 with profits, or

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£399 down, or a life policy for £1,086 with profits

Ask for details for a boy or girl of any age up to 16

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Equipment of an Industry

In the course of its daily work in the service of the community the British chemical industry uses a greater variety

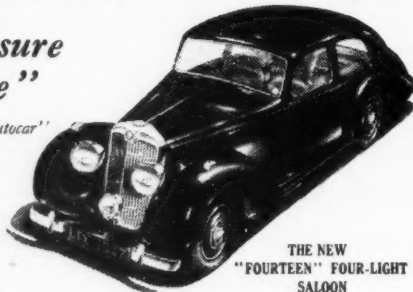
of apparatus than any other. This is not surprising since the function of the chemical industry is to help all other industries. Apparatus is needed in the laboratories where research is carried on and the discoveries are made; in the experimental plants where these are tried out; and then in the factories where they are eventually turned over to commercial production. Chemistry is taught in schools and universities, often in well-equipped laboratories, but little is known of the equipment by means of which academic knowledge is harnessed to practical research and production. This series of announcements under the title "Equipment of an Industry" is designed to show some of the instruments and machinery which are used and operated by the men and women of Britain's chemical industry in laboratory and workshop.



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"A Pleasure to Drive"

Vide "The Autocar"



THE NEW
"FOURTEEN" FOUR-LIGHT
SALOON



LEA-FRANCIS CARS LTD., COVENTRY

Announcing

a post-war British
motoring achievement
... the new battle-tested
A C plug

Here comes the 1947 A.C. Plug, new as to-day's newspaper, with aircraft insulator formulated by A.C. to stand up to the hottest R.A.F. engines. The plug proved in battle and designed for fiercer conditions than any car engines ever met, here it comes ... out of the sky into your car.

NEW! 6 TIMES BETTER

SAVES PETROL • BETTER STARTING
POINTS LAST LONGER • NO SHORTING
INSULATOR CRACKING ELIMINATED
MORE SUSTAINED POWER

THE NEW
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WITH AIRCRAFT INSULATOR

CRAVEN 'A'
For quality



and



CRAVEN 'A'
For your
throat's sake

10 for 1/2

20 for 2/4

CARRERAS

150 YEARS' REPUTATION FOR QUALITY

JAEGER



A Jaeger wool colic-belt is worth its weight in gold for all stomach ailments, against chills in Winter and essential after any abdominal operation.

There are two weights—light in natural and white 4/6 to 6/6; medium in natural 3/11 to 6/6. All sizes—2 coupons.

JAEGER HOUSE, 204 REGENT STREET, LONDON, W.1

Or go to your nearest Jaeger



January

January is the month of Resolutions—including those passed at shareholders' meetings. Companies, firms, private individuals and others engaged in business conduct an annual review, pass resolutions and present their balance sheets. Among the assets shown in balance sheets is "Cash at Bank": it means cash when you want it, where you want it and how you want it—a reminder of the unfailing service given by a modern bank.

MIDLAND BANK LIMITED

TRADE MARK

SEAGERS

SPECIAL LONDON DRY GIN

SEAGERS & CO. LTD.
THE DISTILLERS
LONDON, ENGLAND

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MAXIMUM RETAIL PRICE
25/3 per bottle.

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GOLF SHOES

will soon be available
in increasing quantities
in Retail Agents' shops

**SOMETHING TO
CROW ABOUT!**



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YOUR
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PATON'S
Shoe & Boot
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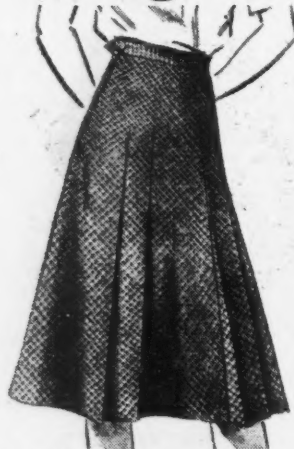
WM. PATON LTD.,
JOHNSTONE · SCOTLAND



beautiful
pure round wool
of steadfast quality



**Designs
on you!**

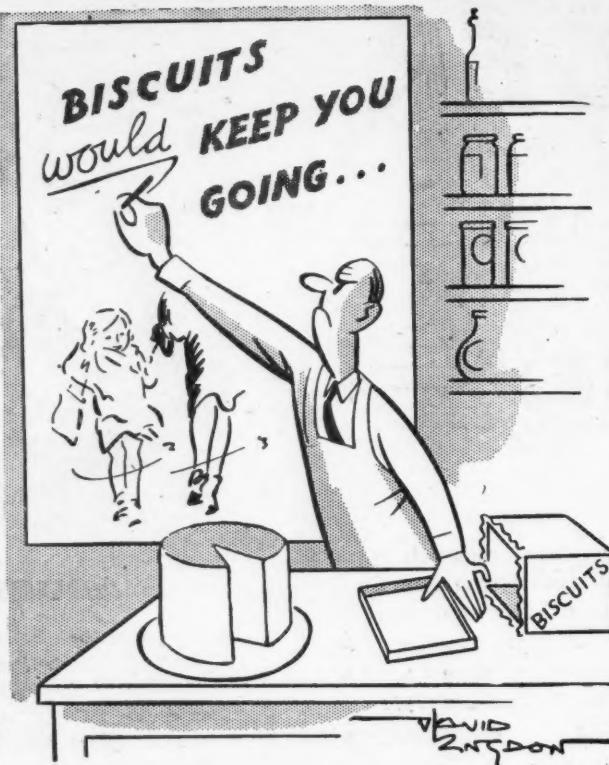


Step into any good shop and inspect the latest GOR-RAY skirt. Eight graceful pleats fade into a neat waistline designed especially to 'take you in'. Be sure of the genuine GOR-RAY label and you'll be sure of an inexpensive skirt well-cut from good material

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Issued by the Cake and Biscuit Manufacturers War Time Alliance Ltd.

CVS-167



The good "GOOD-NIGHT" DRINK

Nature insists on sound and regular sleep. Safeguard your health with a cup of Allenburys Diet every night, and obtain that peaceful night's rest so essential to maintain your reserve of vitality and resistance.

It's delicious... purest full-cream milk and wheat. In fact, just plain goodness.

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From all chemists, 4/6d. a tin.

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to the return of
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*The World's
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Jaspe Robertson & Sons (P.M.) Ltd.
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EVERY SMART WOMAN KNOWS

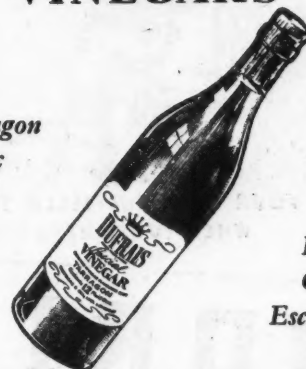
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Special
VINEGARS

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Made from Natural Herbs Matured in Genuine Malt Vinegar
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of course*



"What is Mummy busy with over there? I know! My COW & GATE—Goody!"

It is a happy fact that babies do love Cow & Gate. It builds fine specimens of healthy, happy childhood.

Be wise—do not take a chance with such a vital thing as your baby's food. Cow & Gate Milk Food is the best substitute when natural feeding fails.

3829

COW & GATE MILK FOOD

THE FOOD OF ROYAL BABIES



**Pack full of
CRANFORD**

Delicious Chocolate Creams and Caramels,

Cracknel, Nougat, Marzipan and Fudge,

gaily wrapped—Caley Cranford—in the shops now.

CALEY CRANFORD

the CHOCOLATE ASSORTMENT in qtr. lb. satchels

THE CREAM OF
SALAD CREAMS



Said the Potato—

You see eye to eye
with me—For a
POTATO SALAD the
finest dressing is..

SUTTONS
SALAD CREAM

1/- PER BOTTLE

G. F. Sutton Sons & Co., Ltd., Brandon Road,
London, N.7. Makers of Fine Pickles, Sauces
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ALADDIN MAKES A WISH



YOUR WISH FULFILLED TOO—
WHEN IDRIS RETURNS

IDRIS

THE QUALITY SOFT DRINK

IDRIS LIMITED, LONDON, MAKERS OF QUALITY
TABLE WATERS THROUGH FIVE SUCCESSIVE REIGNS



OPTREX *the* eye lotion

**“Only the best is good enough
for the eyes”**

That is why we would not make a second-rate lotion during the war. That is why Optrex has been so scarce. But better supplies of the essential materials are now coming through, and so there is more Optrex about. Optrex Eye Compresses, too, are now available. Ask for them at your chemists.

Whether you wear glasses or not, you should have your eyes examined at regular intervals by a Qualified Practitioner.

OPTREX LIMITED, PERIVALE, MIDDLESEX.

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Better Refreshment Services

Although present conditions preclude the full return of refreshment facilities, many restaurant cars have been re-introduced and other catering amenities are being steadily improved

POPULAR FACILITIES RESTORED



Keep an eye on your wife!

THOSE scratch meals she has when you're not there are not enough with the work of the house and the worry of food. But can you ever get a woman to consider her health? She'll persuade you to have Benger's Food for supper because it's so satisfying and soothing to the digestion. Then why on earth doesn't she have a cup of Benger's with her lunch! It would do her a world of good and she wouldn't look so tired when you come home.

Benger's Food contains active digestive enzymes which partially pre-digest the milk. You absorb its full nutriment without digestive strain. That is why Benger's is so good for you. At chemists and grocers, from 1/9 a tin.



BENGER'S LTD., HOLMES CHAPEL, CRESHIRE.



PUNCH

OR

THE LONDON CHARIVARI



Vol. CCXII No. 5534

January 15 1947

Charivaria

A NEWSREEL has selected the atom bomb test as the most important event of 1946. It certainly stole all the pictures it was in.

"Keep the light away from your indoor bulbs for at least a month," advises an article in an evening paper. This sounds to us suspiciously like another electricity warning.



For the Unexpected Guest

"FOR SALE, cocker spaniel puppies, all colours and ages; large mince, as new."

Advt. in local paper.

A magazine editor announces that he is always grateful to be advised of a coming poet. This gives him a sporting chance to make preparations not to be in.

No explanation has yet been given of the steam seen rising from the sea in the Pacific recently. Of course some of the cables from Australia have been rather overheated recently.

Owing to storms a B.B.C. commentator was marooned in a lighthouse for several days. He says he agrees with the average listener now about sea-gulls.

A tightrope-walker has insured himself for five thousand pounds. The company no doubt pointing out that in his profession it pays to go straight.

A householder, writing to an evening paper, says half the coal delivered at his house is slate. Exactly; but has he discovered what the other half is?

Happy Solution of Unpleasant Controversy

"The Duke of Gloucester visited the Test Match and shook hands with the players and umpired."—*Report on Tape.*

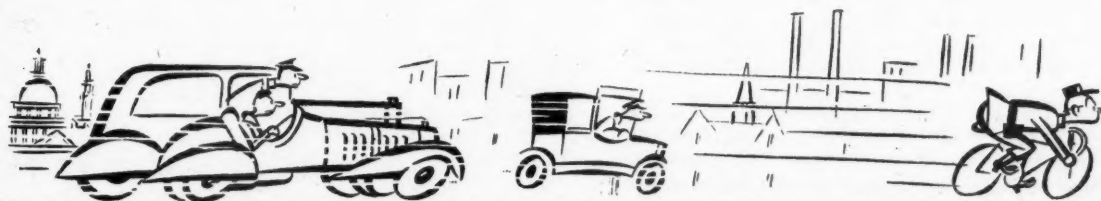
A cyclist had his face and hands scratched when he was attacked by a cock-pheasant near Epping. Gamekeepers are now said to be going about in pairs.

A correspondent who is obliged to patronize a Help Yourself restaurant wonders when the waitresses will be coming back. Just as he used to do, in fact, when they were there.

A wallpaper factory recently had to close down owing to shortage of coal. And, we understand, walls.

"Difficult dogs, sheep chasers, gun dogs and owners trained by Col. —'s methods. Postal tuition."—*Advt. in "The Times."* Shaggy dogs instructed by telephone?

A Londoner who booked a telephone call to the Midlands sent a telegram to the same address and it arrived before he could get his call through. It is a solemn thought that telegraph boys are now faster than sound.



For Children Only.

FIVE men were once stranded on a desert island. They came from the good ship *Harmonia* which had gone down to the bottom of the sea. It went down because a sword-fish had stuck its sword into the side and the water came in. Most of the crew were drowned, and the sword-fish also died because its nose was stuck in the wood. We need not be sorry about the sword-fish, which was an ugly interfering brute and ought to have been fighting with whales.

The island was made of coral throughout, and the way that coral is made is very difficult to explain. Suffice it to say that a great many well-meaning insects get together in the sea and decide that they will build a lot of reefs and rocks out of their bodies; this they do so nimbly and well that soon there is a piece of pink land with green plants growing on it, and the sea, which is very blue, washes against the sands, and the whole thing is ready for glorious Technicolor.

The names of the five men were Holman, Hunt, Dante, Gabriel and Rosetti. They had often been surprised at having these queer names, but could do nothing about it, because names can only be changed by a thing called a deed poll, and there was no deed poll on the ship, but they had all been photographed standing together in a row and reading from left to right, which is much the easiest way to read—unless you come from China, which they did not.

They had beards, and hardly any clothes, because they had scrambled over the coral to come ashore. Two of them were short, and three tall, and some of them had blue eyes, and some brown. That is enough about what the men looked like, and we must now say what they did.

There was not much on the island. Holman said "I will go and knock some coconuts down with a stone, for they are full of nourishing food, besides containing a very sweet and pleasant kind of milk, resembling lemonade." Hunt said "And I have here a stick, a long piece of twine and a bent pin. I will sit on the rocks and fish for the rainbow-coloured fish of which I see so many swimming about in the pools."

But Dante decided to dig for roots, and Gabriel to gather drift-wood to build a fire, and Rosetti to make a hut out of leaves and boughs.

It takes a long time to get to the point of the story, but

that is because there is still a long time before we go to bed.

They worked for about six hours every day, and at night they would gather round the fire that Gabriel had lit, in the hut that Rosetti had made, and eat their food, and they would sing a very curious song of which the chorus went like this:

*Cheerio, chickabiddy,
Never say die,
Give my love to every kiddy,
So long. Good-bye.*

They got very tired of this song, but they could not remember any other, so they had to sing it every time. The tune is terrible.

After a while each of them became sick of the work he had to do, and said that he did not wish to work so long. And each of them said that he wanted more food. So each of them decided that he would only work for five hours a day instead of six. And the result of this was that the building of Rosetti's hut became slower and slower, and Gabriel's fire kept going out, and there were less roots and coconuts and fish to eat, and they all became hungrier and colder than they were before, and the song they sang at night seemed stupider than ever, because they all had sore throats and were exceedingly cross.

So they talked it over together, and one of them suddenly said—I think it was Hunt, but it may have been Holman—"I have a wonderful idea, you chaps. Suppose we all worked seven hours a day instead of five or six. I believe if we did that we should all have a better hut and a bigger fire and a more great nutrition-intake at breakfast, dinner and tea."

The five men had no paper or pencils with them, so they all began to work out this sum on their fingers, and they all reached the same answer, and tried the new plan.

So they became very happy, and when the steamer which was distributing gramophone records among desert islands came to take them away they were very sorry to go. They tied a coloured handkerchief to the highest coconut palm before they left, and they called the place where they had lived "Economic Island," and if it had not been swallowed up by an earthquake wave it would be there still.

EVOE.

From My Travel Book

THE Sultan received me in the embroidered tent he uses as a throne room. He is tall for a sultan and has the dignity and perfect manners of his race.

"Would you prefer the braillings up or down?" he asked me, as soon as I had taken my seat on the low *pouffe* at his side. The sun was striking down with tropical heat and the atmosphere inside the little tent was stifling. Steam rose in fitful puffs from the bowl of rose water by my side.

I asked that the braillings might be raised, but noticing that they were already up, changed my mind and begged that they should be lowered. The Sultan inclined his head and motioned to a gigantic Nubian to leave them as they were. In his country, as I should have remembered, politeness demands that the guest ask always for the

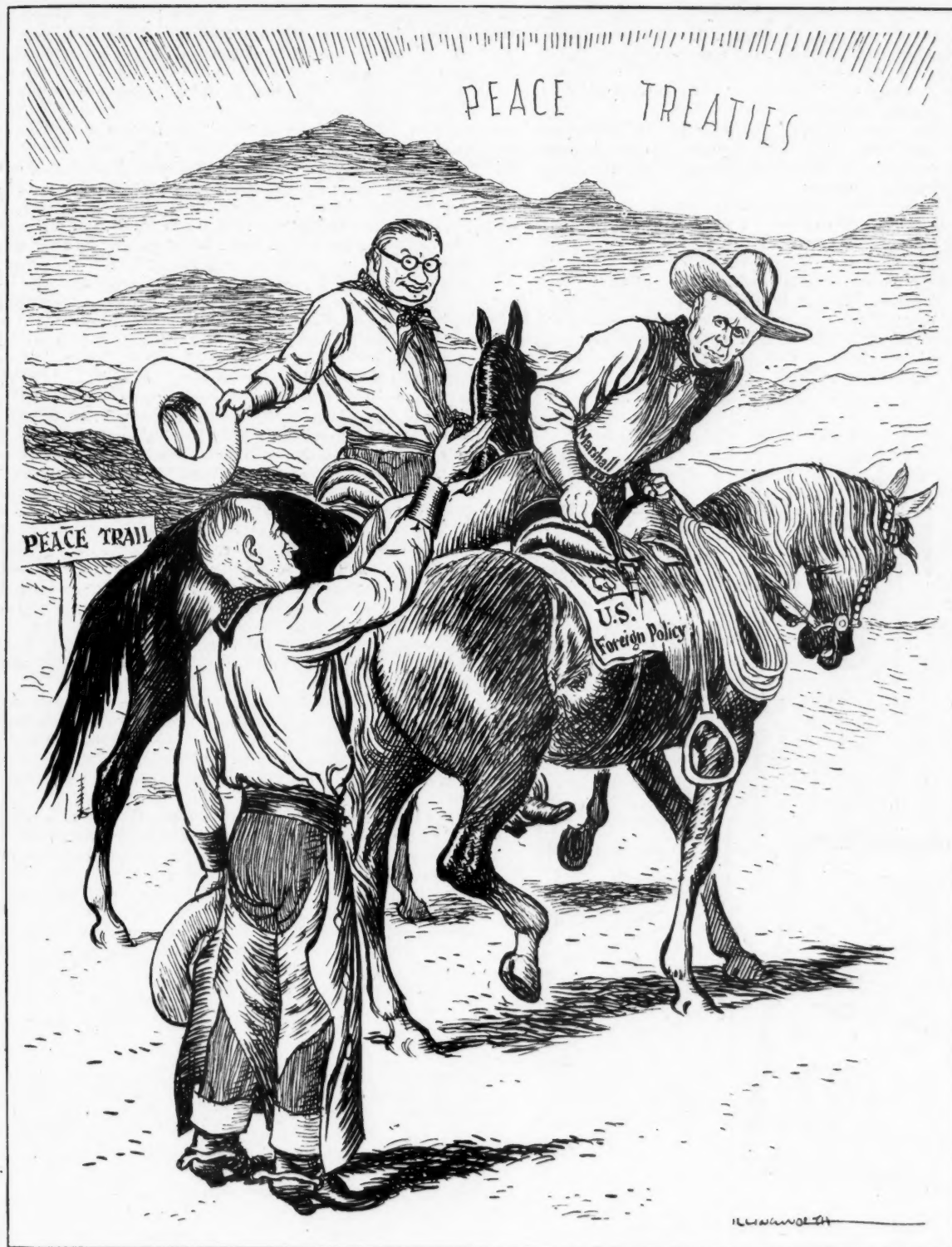
opposite of what he desires. Ignorance of this interesting custom has sometimes cost an unwary visitor dear.

"And your wives?" he inquired. "I trust they bloom like the lily of the valley and wax fat as kine by the water-meadows of Yemen."

I said yes, that apart from a mild epidemic of measles in one of the dormitories, they were all well at home. Though himself monogamous, the Sultan naturally assumes that any guest of his has great possessions, and it would be discourteous to correct him.

"And the Sultana?" I asked boldly. "May I hope that no one has had the audacity to cut *her* currant off?"

The Sultan enjoys a joke, as I well knew, better than most men, but the reader must remember that we were



THE LONG TRAIL

conversing in Arabic and for a moment there was a baffled look in his fine, rather un-English eyes.

"In my country," I explained, "the power that flows along the pipes to bring heat and light to our houses is at times cut off—"

"How cut off?" he asked. "By the sword?"

I sought about in my mind for the Arabic for "switch."

"There is a handle," I said. "It is because there is a scarcity of the lumps of compressed vegetable-matter we dig up from the ground and burn to make the power that flows along the pipes."

"Here in this land," he said, "we do not dig vegetables from the ground to burn. That would be accounted a sin. My herd of four thousand camels—"

"These are very old vegetables," I said hastily, "buried many hundreds of cubits beneath the ground."

"The ways of Allah are strange," he said gravely. "But the ways of men pass all understanding. Let us eat."

He clapped his hands and at once the customary whole

boiled sheep, swimming in its cauldron of fat, was set before each of us. For some hours there was silence as we ate, but at last I threw the final bone back with a clatter into the empty cauldron and turned my streaming face to the Sultan.

"So," I said. "The jackals of hunger have been put to flight. Let us talk."

"Good!" said the Sultan. "But first—you will have another?"

"No, thank you," I replied—and could have bitten out my tongue when I realized my error and a second sheep was set before me. To have refused to eat it now would have been, in my host's eyes, a bitter insult, but it was, I confess, with some nausea that I fished up a forequarter and once more set my teeth in the scalding flesh. And when, just after sunset, I pushed the cauldron away and dipped my fingers in the rose bowl to signify repletion, the head and portions of the scrag-end still remained untasted.

"How then?" said the Sultan, frowning. "It is not to your liking?"

"It is excellent," I said, repressing a shudder. "But in my country there is a saying 'Enough is as good as a feast.'"

"It is true," he said. "But we have not feasted. To-night, if Allah wills, we shall feast—I and my brethren and my brethren-in-law and the husbands of my daughters and you, who are dearer to me than the father of my own sons. Be sure the feast will be as good as enough. Many sheep have been slaughtered in your honour."

"Your bountiful kindness," I replied desperately, "is sweeter to me than honey to the sweet-toothed Ethiopian. But in my country it is not the custom to eat the flesh of the sheep a second time before the sun has thrice completed the great circle of the heavens and returned again to his appointed place. The hindquarters of a single lamb is the portion that is set apart among my people for four persons to feast upon, here a little and there a little, until the space of seven days has passed by."

The Sultan expressed his astonishment. "The customs of one people are not those of another," he remarked courteously; and he gave immediate orders that two score goats and a hundred doves be broiled for the feast. "The flesh of the goat is not the flesh of the sheep," he pointed out.

But it was not until we strolled out together for a breather before the evening meal that I realized how boundless is the hospitality of the people of this forgotten corner of Arabia. Thick clouds of black smoke rolled across the velvety night sky and the air was heavy with the acrid smell of autumn bonfires. "They are burning old vegetables," explained my host, "to make hot the flesh of the goat. There is a saying among my people, 'The customs of the stranger are our customs.'"

I hardly knew how to thank him.

H. F. E.

o o

"Secondly, give the old mane its 200 strokes and while you are about it, twist the neck round this way and that, round and round and round—another help towards good balance and posture."

Newspaper's beauty hint.

Remember to stop about the third time round.

o o

"The main object is to rediscover catacombs which a Government official found in 1880, since when nobody has been able to find them."—*The Times.*

Have they looked under K as well as under C?



MAROC.

Ash-Trays

IT was either Voltaire or another fellow who said that he was quite incapable of using an ash-tray when working on his typewriting machine. As Voltaire had no typewriting machine it seems fair to presume that it was another fellow, and I think he may be placed in the late nineties, or in the first decade of the present century, as after that time people stopped calling them typewriting machines and called them typewriters.

Even to-day many users of these abominable instruments would have to confess to a similar disability, and I myself am no exception. I cleaned my typewriter thoroughly not more than three months ago, and already there is a good half-inch depth of ash on the front bit of the machine, with a dangerous and almost impassable drift to the left under the knobs that say FIG and CAP. My rule is always to clean the typewriter when the letters become buried so deeply as to be indecipherable. I have met people who pretend that they can type without looking at the letters, and no doubt such paragons, if they really exist, could go on typing even when the last letter was buried, but personally I like to see what I am writing about.

This brings up the whole subject of ash-trays. As a young bachelor living in a non-service flatlet in the early twenties I was unable to afford ash-trays, and used the carpet, which I still think is the ideal method of ash-disposal. Then I moved to furnished rooms that the landlady was supposed to keep clean, and she was so rude about the ash on the carpet that I made use of an enormously tall Chinese vase that I carried round the room with me and into which I dropped all my ash and cigarette-ends. From my knowledge of the landlady's habits I am reasonably certain that the cigarette-ends are still there, unless some later and poorer lodger has smoked them in his pipe.

Soon afterwards I got married, and my wife attempted to teach me to use ash-trays. She placed two or three in each room, and sometimes I used them, but I found by an odd twist of fate that even if there were three ash-trays in the room there never happened to be one within reach of where I was sitting. I solved the problem in various ways, but none of them was altogether satisfactory. Ash dropped into one's breast-pocket tended to

transfer itself to the face when one used a pocket-handkerchief. I tried putting the stubs in my trousers pocket, but it was embarrassing when paying for my evening beer to find that I had offered the landlord a half-penny and three cork tips.

So during the war, while I was in the Middle East, I made a collection of ash-trays in Syria and Egypt and Palestine. Beautiful brass ash-trays from Damascus and Aleppo, stone ash-trays from Egypt, and glass ash-trays from Palestine. I amassed thirty-seven in all, and felt that when these were judiciously distributed through

our four-roomed flat my carpets and pockets would in future be safe.

Unfortunately Edith was so enraptured with their decorativeness that she has arranged them neatly in rows on the walls of my study, and when I took down one of them and stubbed out a cigarette on its bright brassiness she was even more annoyed than if I had used the carpet.

So I am back where I started, and the only way out I can see is to spend my entire time working on my typewriting machine, where there is still room for a layer of ash at least half an inch thick.

THE CHANGING FACE OF BRITAIN

THE FRONT ROW OF THE STALLS



PRE-WAR



POST-WAR

At the Pictures

WESTERN AND EASTERN

I DON'T quite know why it has taken me so long to make an opportunity of seeing *My Darling Clementine* (Director: JOHN FORD), except that I had unaccountably forgotten that anything directed by Mr. FORD would almost certainly be worth some attention. (The fact that I have never thought so highly of, for instance, *The Informer* as according to the canons of film criticism I should, probably has something to do with this forgetfulness.) *My Darling Clementine* is a Western, containing—if you summarize the plot—a number of the cliché-situations Western-fanciers know so well; the fact that one is not at the time inclined even to notice this, let alone be troubled by it, may be explained entirely by the merit of the direction, the camera-work and the playing, and the constant tricking-out of the familiar situations with fresh detail. We have, for example, seen innumerable gun-battles among the streets and buildings of Western towns, and suspense is so unflinching achieved by the use of silence, shadows, and shots of solitary figures stalking or creeping across small open spaces that one might think the formula foolproof. So it may be; but here Mr. FORD immensely heightens and freshens the scene by reminding us that the time is early morning, so skilfully that the cold clear air of the earliest hours of daylight seems to blow from the screen. The picture is full of such touches. HENRY FONDA gives unusually solid reality to the part of the hero, the town marshal of Tombstone (which has—in 1882—the “biggest graveyard west of the Rockies”); VICTOR MATURE is better than he has ever had a chance to be before; and there are several excellent and amusing “bit” players. In spite of certain sentimentalities in the story, I enjoyed this.

The current fashion for

Wicked Ladies has once more revived the old Robert Hichens story *Bella Donna*, which turns up this time as *Temptation* (Director: IRVING PICHEL) and allows MERLE OBERON to display her smooth marble brow in the part of

I don't know what changes have been made here. Judged on its merits this cannot, I think, rouse any very great enthusiasm. It makes a heavy, rather stuffy impression not entirely to be put down to the period (1900-3) trappings and the “strong” dramatic plot. In a way, it does more efficiently a good deal of what the film of *Bedelia* tried to do; but still not efficiently enough to prevent an occasional yawn. For one thing much of it is essentially stagey: the characters may move about restlessly as they conduct their conversations, but they tend to settle down at length half-facing the camera in neat stage attitudes, in the frame of something resembling a compact stage set. For another thing it is hard to believe in a villainous, evilly influential Egyptian when the part is played by CHARLES KORVIN, a well-built American with an emphatically cleft chin, whose only concession to the East is to wear a tarboosh at all times. Some of the dialogue in the piece sounds unusually literate, it has been brisked up at every hint of an opportunity by something to make you titter (e.g., of the new writer G.B.S. the lady says contemptuously “Shaw—a name destined to be forgotten”) and it puts forward GEORGE BRENT as the new director of the British Museum; but I wouldn't see it again.

Misled by some review or other, I went hopefully to see BETTY HUTTON in *Cross My Heart* (Director: JOHN BERRY), only to find her wasted. The film is a mixture of crude farce, romantic comedy and murder-melodrama, but the crudity of the farce spoils all the rest of it. One can't help remembering *Roxie Hart*, of which much of the murder trial scene here is a ham-handed imitation; and beside *Roxie Hart* this is nothing. Miss HUTTON has much more acting talent than (if you've only noticed her bouncing about and yelling songs) you might suppose; but she's no Ginger Rogers, and even Ginger Rogers would have a hard time with some of the crudities here. R. M.



My Darling Clementine

ANYTHING MAY HAPPEN.

Wyatt Earp HENRY FONDA
Doc Holliday VICTOR MATURE

the passionate and decorative poisoner. I believe I saw an earlier; British version—wasn't MARY ELLIS in it?—but I can't remember any details, and

boosh at all times. Some of the dialogue in the piece sounds unusually literate, it has been brisked up at every hint of an opportunity by something to make you titter (e.g., of the new writer G.B.S. the lady says contemptuously “Shaw—a name destined to be forgotten”) and it puts forward GEORGE BRENT as the new director of the British Museum; but I wouldn't see it again.



[*Temptation*]

MANNEQUIN

Ruby MERLE OBERON
Baroudi CHARLES KORVIN

Surrealism in Brook Street

THE exhibition of surrealist art at the London Gallery (recently reopened in 23 Brook Street) was due to close on January 11th; but a number of the pictures remain on view, and should be seen by all who are interested in contemporary movements in art. A confrere describes surrealism as "the most devastating assault on reason delivered by any group of enlightened men during the inter-war years," and it is only fair to warn the uninitiated that some of the pictures at the London Gallery are extremely disturbing and bewildering works of art—if they can be so described.

It is remarkable that of some fifty paintings in the present show not one has been inspired by the phenomena of war, and it is strange indeed that the surrealists should have missed a unique opportunity which would have justified their abnormal art in the eyes of many of us. To this Salvador Dali, one of their principal spokesmen, would no doubt reply that the surrealist painter is concerned not with the visual realm, however macabre that may be, but with paranoiac dream-fantasies inspired by Freudian psychology. Nevertheless, what expedients other than the familiar devices of surrealism could a painter hope to find so peculiarly well suited to the conditions of the last war? In the first world war C. R. W. Nevinson adopted a cubist technique as a means most suited to express the soullessness of mechanized warfare, and incidentally gave us in "La Mitrailleuse" a masterpiece in that style. In the last war we saw such strange phenomena as soldiers disguised as trees, lines of pots belching smoke in country lanes, and walls of flame on airfields—and surely there was the opportunity for someone to employ the surrealist's devices in depicting his nightmare world.

The finest surrealist picture I ever saw (which was never painted) lasted for a few seconds one night in 1940. The Fourth guns were putting up their first experimental barrage, and after the opening salvo on one of the sites the blast from the heavy guns demolished a wall of sand-bags. The next blast whipped off a gunner's helmet, wrenched open the cook-house door and scattered a shower of knives and forks over the site. After the "Cease-Fire" had been ordered a searchlight beam strayed over the site, and the extraordinary scene that was momentarily

illuminated seemed, to one spectator, to make every surrealist canvas look silly.

Had that scene been depicted with the pre-Raphaelite precision of Angel Planells it would not merely have provoked the desired *frisson* but would have been a record of the war of explosives as authentic as "La Mitrailleuse."

But Planells prefers to go on giving us the off-spring of his unconscious mind, and in "Le Silence béni" he has depicted a hollow man, seated at a strangely ornamented desk from which water gushes, alone in the middle of a field. Before such a production the art critic must retire baffled. Aubrey Beardsley, it is true, once made a drawing of a young woman seated at a piano in the middle of a field, but that was a *jeu d'esprit* which all can admire for its lovely design, the exquisitely delicate line, and other qualities unrelated to the subject. But in this surrealist picture the treatment is commonplace and the subject all-important, and who can possibly have a clue to the obscure impulses which inspired it, save the artist himself?

One experiences the *frisson*, but the emotion is not æsthetic—and that, as Lady Bracknell would have declared, is all there is to be said about Surrealism.

Happily there are other works in the London Gallery which need cause us no such misgivings. In his drawing of "Dancers" John Lake has employed pencil and crayon to give an exhilarating impression of swirling movement which makes Alastair Morton's "Dance" design look positively static by contrast.

F. E. McWilliam, a young Irish sculptor who first attracted attention at the Artists' International Exhibition ten years ago, preserves his identity in one or two wood carvings despite his obvious debt to Henry Moore, and has several interesting chalk drawings which make one wish he would turn his attention to the stone.

Elsewhere there are two early and not very remarkable drawings by Picasso, a Neo-surrealist design in tempera by his countryman Joan Miró, and several abstract pictures by John Tunnard which demonstrate his skilful manipulation of a variety of mediums.

No doubt if the show had been officially sponsored, and held in South Kensington, there would have been

the usual outcry, but Brook Street is a grave and seemly thoroughfare—and clubmen don't much care to be disturbed.

GRAPHIC ART

Mr. Punch, one of the staunchest patrons of black-and-white art, welcomes the revival of the Society of Graphic Art, whose first post-war exhibition (appropriately its twenty-first) in the R.W.S. Galleries, 26 Conduit Street, is due to close all too soon on the 18th of this month. Its President, Mr. Frank Emanuel, who contributes three drawings, is well known as the doughty champion of traditional art and the most faithful of Charles Keene's admirers; and it may be added that the society which he has inspired by his example and distinguished presence for a quarter of a century is perhaps the only one left in London in which Mr. Punch's eminent Victorians would feel themselves at home.

The finest work in the exhibition, not unworthy to rank with the masterly landscape sketches of a century ago, is undoubtedly Harold Thornton's "The Tay, near Pitlochry"—a composition, in carbon pencil and wash, of a clump of trees on the left, the winding river in the middle distance, and a range of low hills beyond which captures the *genius loci*.

Among other drawings which would hold their own in the Academy's two most competitive rooms are the President's early pencil sketch "The Compas d'Or, Paris"; Martin Davenport's "Langford Village, Newark," and Marion Rhodes's "Oast Houses, near Westerham," both in pen and limpid colour wash; Leslie M. Ward's delicate white-line etching of "A Purbeck Bakery" and Madeline Wells's superb chalk drawing of "Eland Antelope." N. A. D. W.

Calling Mrs. Proudie

THEY'VE scrapped the ancient Palace and built a palacette—the papers say "a bijou all-modern maisonnette."

But what about the bishop? I wonder where they'll get a bijou modern clergyman to be a bishopet.

An Innocent at Large

XV—In the Footsteps of Mrs. Trollope

TEXANS are not the only people who exaggerate. Until a few years ago every informed American opened his conversation with the bewildered traveller something like this: "Believe it or not," he would chant, "if all the porters (or menus, telegraph poles, blankets, etc.) on the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fé Railroad were placed end to end they'd reach from . . ." This gambit was enormously popular until Miss Dorothy Parker killed it with her joke about chorus girls. To-day the line shot at the inquiring innocent goes: "Say, bud, d'you know

known as German-Victorian. And even more convincing are the napes I see everywhere, fine bulbous necks each with its smooth lateral crease as wholesome and inevitable as the fleshy bracelets at an infant's wrist. Final proof, or "proof positive" as they say here, is the excellence of the beer, which is reminiscent of the best lagers of pre-Hitler Munich and Dortmund.

An odd thing is that I can find very few German surnames among the society columns of the newspapers: odd, because beer and pork seem to have made the grade very nicely in certain other countries I could mention.

Now there are many things I should like to say about Cincinnati and St. Louis, but I must be very careful. I have been warned. You see, for more than a hundred years the Middle West has been somewhat touchy about visiting journalists, ever since Mrs. Frances Trollope made her grand tour. Mrs. Trollope's bold and successful attempt to repair her husband's fortunes involved the writing of over a hundred novels in double-quick time, and in *Domestic Manners of the Americans* (London, 1832), ostensibly a work of non-fiction, she contrived to combine truth and rumour in a most exasperating mélange. This notorious *casus belli* included the following statements:

"The total and universal want of manners (in Cincinnati), both in males and females, is so remarkable that I was constantly endeavouring to account for it . . ."

"... our noses instead of meeting 'the thyme that loves the green hill's breast' were greeted by odours that I will not describe and which I heartily hope my readers cannot imagine . . ."

"No pump, no cistern, no drain of any kind (in our new dwelling), no dustman's cart or any other visible means of getting rid of the rubbish which vanishes with such celerity in London . . ."

Mrs. T. said harsh things, too, about the Cincinnati's behaviour at the theatre, his habit of spitting, his table manners, illiteracy, etc., and as a direct result Cincinnati has neatly side-stepped the current boom in her husband's popularity. Time brings in its revenges.

I find that I must disagree (thank heavens!) with Mrs. T. on almost every point. I must, however, report the survival of the spitting hobby. Some American males of the tobacco-chewing breed expectorate with surprising frequency and spectacular accuracy. Whether the high quality of their performance mitigates the seriousness of the crime I cannot say, but although I have suffered numerous near-misses on rounding corners too sharply I have never yet received a direct hit. In a beautiful Middle West park I watched an elderly gardener score eight points out of ten against a marauding squirrel, and his skill was so marked that I forgot to be disgusted. It was like that, I remember, with my first bull-fight.

And again I can agree with Mrs. T. in one small particular about American manners. Americans do not say "please" easily. They regard the term as superfluous, as no doubt it often is, and their requests, orders and invitations sound uncompromisingly tough to British ears. In a St. Louis hotel I hired a radio and for a few seconds, before I had time to adjust the volume control knobs, the thing blared noisily. Immediately the man from room 958 came round and banged on my door.

"Turn it down," he barked.

"Please!" I invited. And of course he misunderstood. He looked worried suddenly.



"... more Italians in New York than in Rome."

there are more Italians (or Jews, Visigoths, etc.) in New York (or Scrimville) than there are in Rome (Palestine, etc.)?" In recent weeks I have been told that there are more Mexicans in Los Angeles than in Mexico City, more Irishmen in Boston than in Dublin, more Jews in Manhattan than in the rest of the world, more Scotsmen in Pennsylvania than in England, and more Germans in St. Louis and Cincinnati than in Brandenburg or the American Zone of Occupation.

Well, I don't believe a half of it: they can't pull any wool-substitute over my eyes. But they may well be right about the number of Germans, or Americans of German origin, in Cincinnati and St. Louis. Only yesterday I found these surnames on one page of the Cincinnati *Times-Star*—Schatz, Linnenkohl, Schraffenburger, Lutz, Schmidt, Kaufman, Schwarber, Schlitz, Luebberman, Koch, Huber, Terwilleger, Katz, Hoelscher, Messer, Doepke, Schlueter, Habig, Messerschmidt, Seyfried, Nieman and Hasselbeck. I observe, too, that the architecture of these two cities has a strong Germanic flavour, often of that sad period

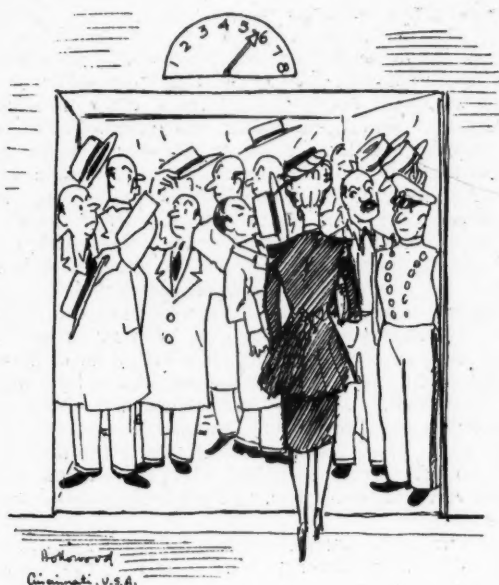
"Er—er—radio—too much sound," he said in a vaguely Central European accent, "—er—twist knob—turn . . ."

He augmented his translation with a series of gestures with shoulders, fingers and thumbs. I kept a straight face and could not resist a further—

"Please!"

The pantomime was repeated, and when at last I released him from his misery he looked even more baffled.

But in other ways Americans are ultra-polite. When a woman enters an elevator every man removes his hat



Hats, removal of

with courtly grace. I suppose our British lifts travel such short distances that we have no time for this gallantry.

In St. Louis I went aboard an old show-boat (a contemporary of the "Robert E. Lee") which was moored to the mud of the Mississippi, to see an exciting melodrama about flood, pestilence, arson, murder and unrequited love. The patrons behaved with exemplary restraint throughout a long performance and threw nothing heavier than hip-flasks and cigar-stumps.

Cincinnati's liquor laws, by the way, are very strict. Every *bonâ-fide* and fully paid-up citizen gets a ration book which entitles him to so much hooch per month. To exceed this quota he has to slip across the Ohio river, over the old Mason-Dixon line, into dear old Kentucky where every kind of liquid refreshment is on tap.

I cannot endorse one word of what Mrs. Trollope says about the homes of Cincinnati. I saw no hogs scavenging in the streets, and tactful inquiries revealed that none is now employed by the city's refuse and rubble department. Indeed, what I saw of Cincinnati's housing made me very envious. Let me describe one middle-class house that I was allowed to inspect. It has a very large basement fitted with a completely automatic central heating system, a workshop, laundry, food store and junk department. There are six rooms and three baths, one recently installed in the attic for the maid—or, rather, for the consideration of the next candidate for that position. As an extra inducement the space between the roof and the attic ceiling has

been filled with glass-wool or something as an insulator against cold. Exposed parts of the house are protected by double doors and windows which are replaced in the spring by frames of mosquito-netting. The kitchen of course is magnificent, with a man-sized frig. and an electric (and automatic) mincer, dish-washer, toaster, cream-mixer, and the rest. Each floor is connected with the basement by a linen chute. Two noises-off intrigued me. The first was the sound of the central heating system, signing off for the night—next performance, according to the regulator, at 6 A.M. sharp. The second, the sound of the newspaper thudding against the front porch. American newsboys deliver their papers without dismounting from their cycles, or even slackening speed. And American newspapers are weighty affairs.

But there are slums. Those in Cincinnati and St. Louis, like those of Harlem and New York's West Side, those of Chicago and the Deep South, are quite as grim and as squalid as those which still disfigure Britain.

What else can I say to ease the friction generated so long ago by a woman's crotchety spite? A pat or two on the back for St. Louis (pronounced *Saint* Louis) for its splendid music—orchestral and beer-garden community vocal, for its independent press (the syndicated papers get nowhere here), for its "Blues," its simple, ample meals and its bellowing humour. I shall never forget the burst of laughter which greeted my somewhat naïve explanation—"You see, I'm an Englishman"—when a slight difficulty arose over rates of exchange at an air-line booking office.



Arrival of morning paper, Cincinnati

And as for Cincinnati (sometimes pronounced *Cincinnati* by the very swish), hats off to its magnificent river, its delightful housing estates, its university, its women, its sobriety and its keen appetite for educational and social progress.

Thank you, Mrs. Trollope.

Hon.

Skip It.

"Sections 3, 4 and 5 of the Excess Profits Tax Ordinance, 1943 (XVI of 1943), the Excess Profits Tax (Amendment) Ordinance, 1944 (VIII of 1944), and the Indian Finance (Amendment) Ordinance, 1944 (XXXIII of 1944), have been repealed under the Repealing Ordinance, 1946 (I of 1946). As these Ordinances however merely amended the Excess Profits Tax Act, 1940, and the Indian Finance Act, 1944, respectively, the position is that by virtue of Section 6-A of the General Clauses Act, 1897, read with Section 30 of that Act, their provisions continue to be in force in spite of the repeal."

Letter from Govt. Department in New Delhi.



"How CAN I come and sit down?"

More Comments

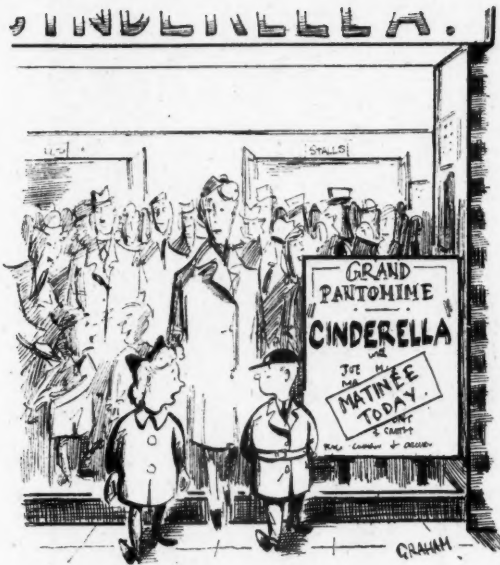
NEW Year's Day having turned up once again a week or two ago and caused the usual surprise by being as dead on time as ever, I should like as my first comment to make the remark that this is one of the features of the New Year—the way no one was really expecting it. This (to anyone holding a more theoretical view of human nature than anyone does) is all the odder because everyone knows in advance exactly when New Year's Day is due: on the next same day of the week after Christmas. This is one of those bits of knowledge people grow up knowing and therefore have to check for themselves every time; though there are some muddled types who have to be told it and may even need persuading that Leap Year makes no difference. A legitimate source of slight confusion is, however, the fact that New Year's Eve is generally considered rather more New Year's Day than the day itself, because the people who are fussing over the day of the week the year begins on are the people who have been asked to parties the day before to catch it in time. For, as everyone knows, New Year's Day begins in the middle of the night, to give the over-sophisticated the chance of scrambling into bed by ten and boasting next morning that they hadn't even remembered the date.

New Year's Day itself has of course quite a personality. One feature is that very, very faint embarrassment at being seen outdoors, felt also on Christmas Day and on birthdays—an embarrassment so faint that it would be fairer to describe it as the result of people realizing that other people are equally conscious of the occasion, though, being other people, they probably aren't really. (If anyone objects that this sentence doesn't apply to birthdays, which strangers couldn't know about, let them read it again more carefully.) Another feature of New Year's

Day is of course that funny feeling which may be traced to the fact that we are all good, kind and efficient as never before. This is not peculiar to January the first, because it happens any time to anyone who suddenly decides to improve, and statisticians tell us that normal people make these decisions any number of times every year, adding that if they stated a more definite figure it would seem as if they had worked it out on paper instead of just using their imagination. But perhaps the most important thing about January the first is that even when it arrives it is in the future. It is in the future as no other day is except January the second, the third, and so on until the sensation gradually wears off.

I wonder if, as my readers are probably still feeling unnaturally efficient, they would like some words on the equipment of the home desk. I call it the home desk to distinguish it from the office desk, which seems fair enough; and as otherwise the third type, the school desk, would not get a mention, I want to ask my readers if they can remember how much more easily a pencil-point went across a school desk than down it. Downwards, my readers will recall, they just broke the pencil-point; cross-wise, or with the grain, they ploughed a shiny black furrow which gave them great pleasure. I expect they can remember the hinges too, and that pale blue, veiny, dark-blotched ink-well seen nowhere else; but we must get back to the home desk, an imposing piece with a lot of drawers and a top of either leather or the sort of wood we cannot fool about with. Neither offers much scope for pencil-work, unless you count brass-rubbings of the pattern round the leather. Most desks have a blotter in the middle, to show up the surrounding dust when moved; an empty ink-pot and a full ink-bottle, a pile of books someone ought to do something about, and perhaps a telephone which looks keener if it is placed diagonally to afford the maximum of frontage to whoever is sitting there. The chair is probably just a chair, but it does have a tendency to those narrow wooden arms that can be leant on in thought rather than in comfort, and a rung with that knobby bit in the middle for people to rattle their heels along. With a useful ash-tray, an empty match-box, a new tube of tooth-paste, half a knitting-needle and a pair of gloves the basic equipment is complete. The rest is up to the individual. Some people keep their telephone-directories there; it depends on how aesthetic they feel. I mean, telephone directories never seem the right colour for a room, even if they are. It has something to do with the print on the front. Some desks have those glass trays, apparently holding nothing but a vulcanized typewriter-rubber, but a boon to anyone desperate for one more pin. Scientists did not know why a glass tray attracts pins until they used their common-sense and realized it was the obvious place to put them.

I do not think many desks boast a date-stamp, which makes it all the more exciting for those who do. Some people cannot adjust a date-stamp without a sort of idea that they would have made good linotype operators. Psychologists say these people are not so silly as we think; there is all the difference between a stamped date with the figures crooked and one with the figures all right but the ink too thick. Another piece of efficiency is the typewriter-ribbon box. It is a little round tin with a well-fitting lid which opens to disclose a used typewriter-ribbon. Efficiency experts say that used ribbons, which are about as useless as anything even they notice around, owe their staying-power to the fact that no one but the owner likes to throw one away, and the owner doesn't seem to want to



"After the book I thought it rather disappointing."

either. I think this is about all I have to say on desk equipment. People with rulers will be wondering why I haven't praised the intelligence and foresight of ruler-buyers, while people with old transparent protractors that have been following them about for years will not perhaps expect so much but would like a mention. Well, there is little I can say about old transparent protractors, but I can tell ruler-owners that if they haven't scratched their name on their rulers and rubbed ink into it to make it show, then they are very blasé people indeed.

I was saying something just now about colour; not much, but enough to show my readers that they are up against someone as affected by colour, as keenly alive to its possibilities and as well aware that there are two kinds of navy-blue as they are themselves. I think, in fact, that some comments on colour would be in what writers call place here. The primary colours are red, blue and yellow; particularly yellow. (Let my readers recall, if they can, a house-decorator who in the old house-decorating days did not need almost going down on our knees to and begging to keep the yellow out of the off-white before we felt it safe to leave him to seize his pot of yellow paint and slap it over half a room by the time we got back.) The non-primary colours are all the rest, which is a great many. I should like to mention particularly green bice, which owes what knowledge there is of it to its unfailing presence in early paint-boxes, and wine red, which never turns out to be what it sounds like. Another colour people can get artistic about is sage green; I mean, they can send someone quite expert to get them a piece of sage-green ribbon and have a good chance of a subtle disappointment at the result. The same goes for slate blue, flame, amethyst and all those colours which people defined long ago for themselves and have stuck to ever since. You can sometimes hear them in ironmongers', buying a packet of dye and being surprised at the shade-card. To be a bit less technical

I bet that not many people can mention pillar-box red without seeing some particular pillar-box in their mind's eye and remembering a letter they should have written; or *eau-de-nil* without feeling they are playing for a mild laugh.

Certain things have certain characteristic colours, and I shall end with a few examples. There is a cheery blue, for instance, which characterizes alarm-clocks, new dust-pans and the kind of socks the available darning-wool does not match. (I mean, the kind of cheery blue socks. It is possible, by never really facing the darning-wool situation, to have the same trouble with dark-blue or grey socks.) An equally cheery red is traditionally associated with those white-spotted handkerchiefs carried on sticks over the shoulders of Dick Whittingtons, travelling rabbits, field-mice who have run away from home and all those other picture-book figures who have helped to make milestones the familiar objects they are not in everyday life. Any of my readers who have ever owned such a handkerchief, and felt a bit legendary themselves at having one, will agree that this particular red falls midway between the drying-up cloth border and the mail-van, and is the nicest of the three. But perhaps the subtlest colour variation occurs in what I may call mackintosh-brown; a sort of khaki, varying just enough to make it difficult for people to notice at the time that they are putting on each other's but quite indignant when they get home.

Babes in Arms

"A guard of honor of three months' old A.I.F. recruits snapped to attention on the wharf at Victoria Dock."—*Melbourne paper*.



"Warm . . . warm . . . hot . . . hot."



"Here's ANOTHER good one—'Delightful old-world residence. Open log fires and oil-lamps throughout. No gas or electricity.'"

The Parcel

DEAR friend across the seas,
I wonder if you know
How perfectly you please,
How gratefully we glow.
"A parcel! A parcel!"
The day has a smile.
"A knife! A knife!"
No, wait for a while.
Let it lie on the table,
A joy in the mind.
We look at the label;
We cry "How kind!"
We feel—and we guess:
We wonder and mutter,
"Cheese? Possibly—yes.
It *couldn't* be butter."

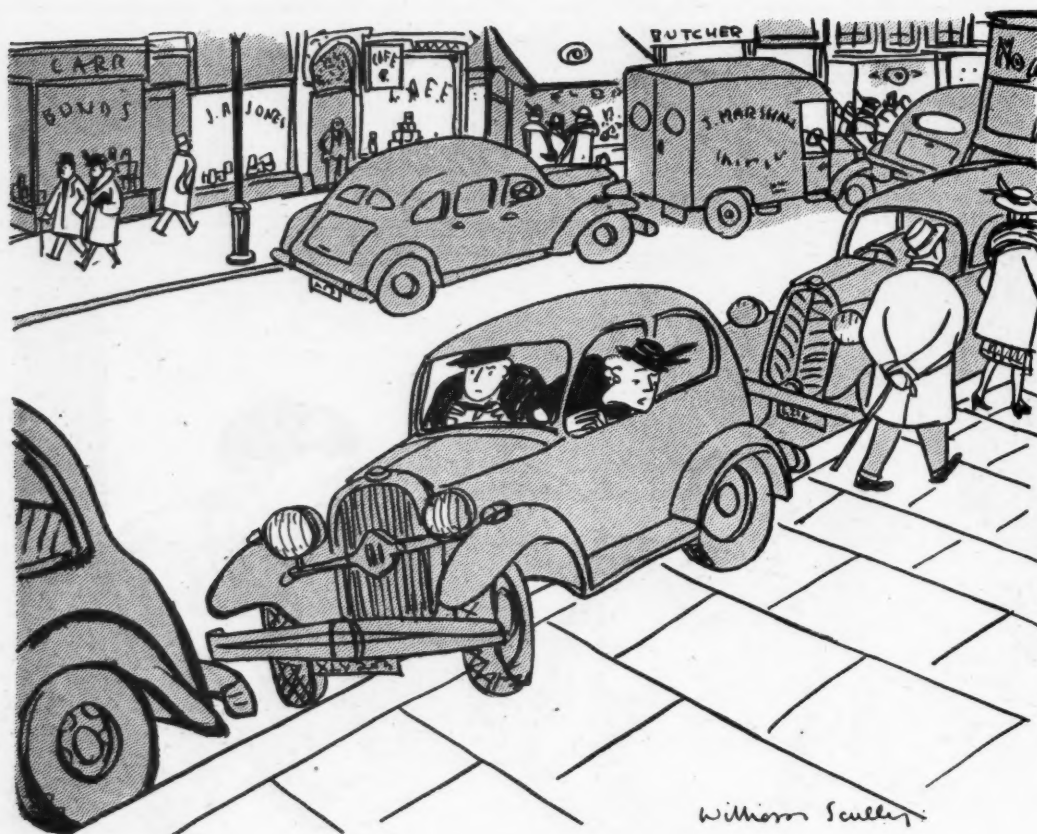
Then the great Opening.
Children again,
Slowly, slowly
We make all plain:
Magical packets,
One by one,
Lovingly wrapped,
Gently undone:
Cake-powder—jellies—
Unless I'm mistaken—
It can't be—it *is*
A morsel of *bacon*!
We give some away—
You're glad, I know—
And always we say
"It's from So-and-So."

The neighbours leave
Like men with inherited
wealth:
And we, at eve,
We nibble your noble
health.
Think not our bellies
Are the only affected parts:
You help us to live,
But we eat, as you give,
With our hearts.
Yours is a gift of the spirit:
Ours is a feast of
goodwill—
The friends of freedom
One family still. A. P. H.



COMRADE STILL-IN

"And supposing I stay where I am?"



"Still a little too near the kerb, dear."

Coping with a Sealyham

TO equip yourself properly for the stern business of living with a Sealyham you should graduate up through ferrets, monkeys, and dead-end kids. Then if you still have good nerves and will follow these tips there is no reason why you shouldn't just manage. But don't rush into it; consider a nice basketful of snakes first.

Get your dog's diet right from the start. I slipped up somewhere in the early days, and my dog now eats almost anything but dog-biscuits—metal tops from milk bottles, corks, rubber, wood, and the butcher's bill. (I don't count the mat outside my bedroom; that's only filling in time.) Tarred rope is appreciated but is scarce. Wicker—but that will be scarce, too, when I can find a tank-turret for him to sleep in.* My animal doesn't appear to drink water. He

rinses his ridiculous beard in it, turns round, places one hind leg on the edge of the bowl, and strolls away. This ensures a constant fresh supply.

You don't bath Sealyhams. You cover yourself with magnesia or talcum and wrestle with them. Every Sunday morning I awake with a Life-is-grim-Life-is-earnest hangover. I ponder. I haven't earned this . . . Then I remember. I put on an old jacket and forget to remove my wrist-watch. By dint of cunning and recollections of my old Rugby days I catch my dog three times and put him in the vice on the garage bench. He is full of fight. Soon the air is full of powder; so is my watch. I am going over my stock of bad words quietly to myself. He knocks over the paint and unlocks his jaws from my sleeve to lick it. While I am wiping the taste of sweat and powder from my face, he escapes and does one or two laps of the garden. This includes a

water-jump one foot too long for him. I go indoors and look for a congenial job like scraping the grease off the cooker.

You exercise a dog with a ball. You know—you throw, he fetches; you throw, he fetches, and so on. Well, it doesn't work like that with my Sealyham. You throw and you fetch. He gazes at these antics in sneering wonder. Sometimes I force myself to take him for a walk on the lead. He has long decided that he is most comfortable when the strap goes from his neck under his chest like a martingale and round two legs. Our progress in the wet weather is from puddle to puddle. It's much the same in the dry.

A more fortuitous form of exercise might be as follows: a feminine shriek from the kitchen, a clatter, and my dog appears in full (six-inch) stride, ears flapping. He has something trailing from his mouth. He says "Here you

*Add coke, but not anthracite

are; I found it hanging from the ironing-board. Come on, tug-of-war!" I take a swipe at him. He ducks and comes up with that oh-it's-a-romp-you-want-is-it expression. "Right," he says, "look out!"

Or else he drops the undergarment or whatever it is and peers at me intently with his head twisted sideways. Through the billowing brushwood comes a low tentative woof. Is this a romp—or is it? He is a living, quivering question-mark. Then, giving me his melting look (well known in my household to be wholly spurious), he shambles off untidily to bring a peace-offering—a saliva-coated beef bone. He has these handy in every room in the house.

Note the point. All Sealyhams want a good hiding now and then, though I have never yet succeeded in clouting mine.

I do not teach my dog tricks; he has inherited plenty. I do try, however, to develop his intelligence by the game of Ball-Bone-Biscuit. I have one of each in front of me on the grass. My dog, wearing the vacant smile of satisfied imbecility, sits opposite. The game begins. I say "Ball!" He stops scratching to pick out the bone (or biscuit). I say "Biscuit!" Without hesitation he selects the bone and takes

it over to a sick-looking rose-bush. I then say (with a strangled sob) "Bone!" and off he goes to my long-suffering apple-tree. This marks the end of the game.

A variation is the Slipper Sequence. I take off my shoes and say "Slippers!" There being no bones, balls, or biscuits in sight, my dumb friend will fetch the slippers and, if I sit perfectly still, will only take them as far as the hall, where he will sprawl, worrying them with diminishing interest.

But if I show the slightest impatience or testiness I have to follow him upstairs and corner him under the window at the end of the passage. This way I usually get one slipper; the other I get later by pretending not to want it. It is all rather hopeless.

The daily game of Brush is simplicity itself. I say "Brush!" and he disappears for an hour.

Showing a dog. The Kennel Club has lately decreed that this sort of dog must in future be trimmed by plucking; no scissors or clippers may be used. Bless my soul, haven't they heard about the labour shortage? Where do I get the two men from? Come to that, where do I get the chloroform, the shackles, and the steel gauntlets? It's time the ladies and gentlemen of the Committee came down from Olympus

and tried existence with a husky Sealyham—one with a marked personality and a low sense of humour like mine.

Mind you, I'm not saying there aren't well-behaved, gentlemanly, pansy-wansy Sealyhams. You can get them. In fact you can have them.

o o

Not Officially Recognized.

I HELD Miss Beamish in my arms;
The brass-bound buckle of her belt,
A whale-bone and some lucky charms
Made themselves felt.

I'd hoped that it would come to this
And that Miss Beamish wouldn't
mind;
It had been my idea of bliss,
Just something of this kind.

I clasped her to me quite a lot,
Just like the stars in Paramount;
But it was only a foxtrot
And didn't count.

o o

"A Standard 12 1937 Car, converted into small flat, ideal for the small business man."
Advt. in Burnley paper.

The smaller the better.



"Congratulations, Mr. Columbus—the Frat has just voted you the man most likely to discover America."

The Cosmic Mess

THERE was some un-Christian and even catty comment on the result of the by-election for the Scottish Universities, where a fine candidate, Mr. Walter Elliot, won the race by several laps, and four unsuccessful competitors "lost their deposits". Four sums of £150, amounting, this column calculates, to £600, were forfeited, not to the State, but to "the University Chest," as the law commands. All men of goodwill were so busy with chivalrous jeers against the defeated that no one, publicly at least, considered whether the result was really a credit to our arrangements.

Four citizens—the only name this column recollects is that of the celebrated Dr. Joad—offered to serve their country in Parliament, which is in many ways a very tiresome and thankless form of service. Before they could approach the polls each was required to plank down £150—which, by the way, seems to smell a little of "property qualification", alien to the spirit of present-day etcetera. Having failed to win the electorate, each had to pay not only his expenses but a fine of £150. In what way is this a good thing, Democracy darling?

The "deposit" drill was introduced by the Representation of the People Act, 1918. It was designed, this column believes, to avoid a multiplicity of "freak" candidates. But what is a "freak" candidate? One who is not likely to win? (But how can anyone tell?) One who does not genuinely want to get in? (But the expense and worry of an Election are quite enough to keep such chaps away—or most of them.) One whose opinions are out of the ordinary? (But why not? Is it not a free country? And do we not want all sorts and conditions of men at the "grand inquest of the nation"?) There have been times in his career when Mr. Churchill was regarded as a "freak" politician. This column can recall a candidate at a certain University election who was widely regarded as a "freak" candidate, with no hope of success. Yet he was handsomely elected, and the official Conservative, most unfairly, "lost his deposit". Unfairly? Insanely. For if it is right to fine the queer, cranky independent who dares to poke his nose into politics, it cannot surely be right to fine the official representative of one of the great parties.

This column cannot recall whether Dr. Joad stood as an independent or

for a party. It makes no difference. One does not have to be the Doctor's First Fan to be aware that he has a warm interest in the fate of his fellow-men and a great many clear opinions which he has been propounding for many years, not to mention certain intellectual qualifications. He is not a Scot, this column understands: but one would have to work very hard to frame a definition of "freak candidate" which would cover him, or to think of any reason why he should be fined £150 for standing for Parliament.

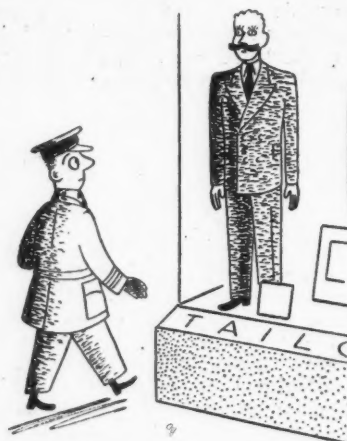
One of the great Parties, at least—and for all this column knows, the others too—has already made nonsense of the whole affair. The "deposit" can only be a deterrent to the "freak", insincere, or contemptible candidate if he himself provides the money and he stands to lose it himself if he fails to get one-eighth of the total votes polled.

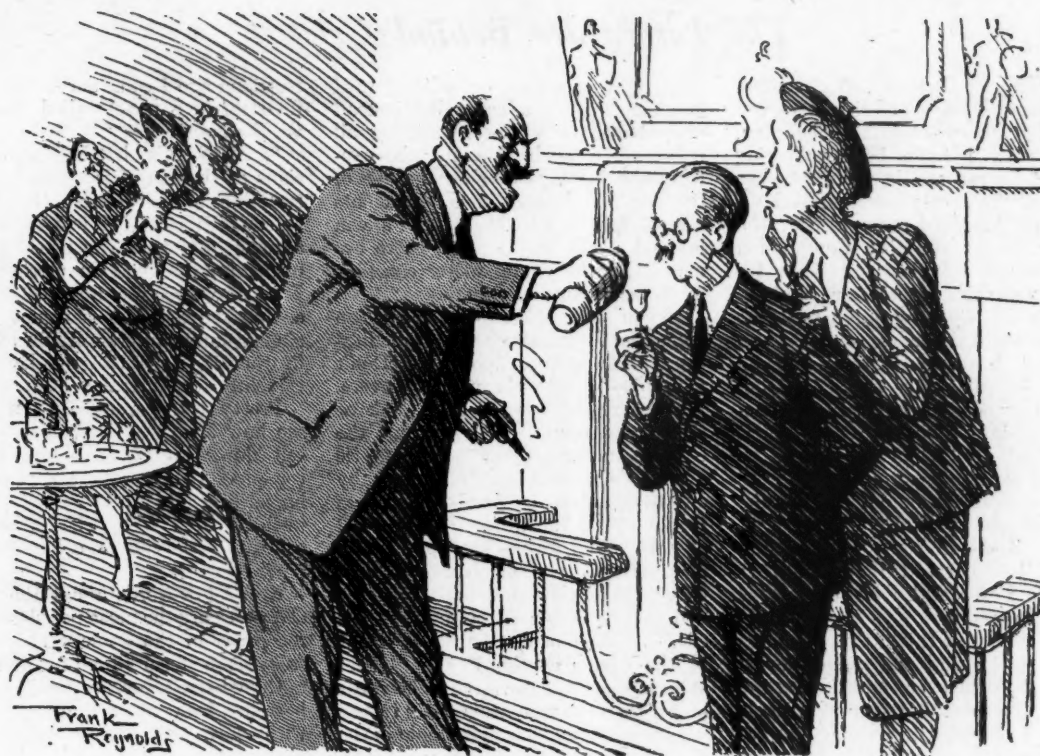
But what took place at the General Election? The candidates of Party A (and maybe Parties B and C) paid £10 only—not £150—into a central insurance fund, and a certain bank financed the whole affair. Many a man was elected who did not think for a moment that he would get in: and some were elected who would never have stood at all if they had had to provide, and risk, their own £150. So the spirit of the Act was flouted and defeated: and a good thing too—for money is no longer the passport to Parliament. But the spirited independent who cannot command such massive aid, must find, and lose, his own money still: which is a bad thing, surely. Let this nonsense be abolished.

In the good old days some private Member might have introduced a Bill to abolish it on a Friday morning. Those days are gone—for how long, who knows? But the Lords have their freedom still. Any noble Lord can still introduce a Bill, though the faithful Commons can only say Yes or No to Government measures. Why don't they exercise their rights, push a few small but useful Bills through the Lords, and send them down to the Commons, with three large kisses? It would remind the Commons, at least, of the lost Age of Liberty, and the advantages of the Upper House.

Talking of M.P.s—an odious theme, agreed—this column, enjoying itself at the Circus Inaugural Luncheon (what a party!), remarked with interest the Toast-master's Mode of Address to the five hundred guests. Unless this column has got it wrong, it went like this:

"My Lord Chairman, Your Excellencies, Prime Minister, Your Grace" (a Bishop), "My Lord Mayor, Your Worships, My Lords, Ladies and Gentlemen." A fine feat of memory: and this ignorant column assumes that the order is right. But it is puzzling. You might think that the Prime Minister would come before ambassadors. But, no, in the Table of Precedence he comes after the Archbishop of York, four places below ambassadors—and two places below the Lord Chancellor, a fairly junior member of his Government. But there were other Ministers present—and many Privy Councillors. True, it was a State visit of the Mayor, Sheriffs, and Aldermen, but if mere "Worships" are included should not "Right Honourables" have a mention? (In the table they come after "Knights





"Try this, old chap, and see what happens!"

of the Garter if Commoners"). And what about Field-M Marshals and Admirals of the Fleet? "Your Gallantries," surely? Members of Parliament of course have no existence, and do not appear in the table at all. They would come after "Lords" perhaps—"Right Honourables, Your Gallantries, My Lords, Honourables, Ladies and Gentlemen." Not bad. But M.P.s, probably, would prefer not to be noticed. For once that happens they may find themselves ranking as "responsible persons" with "Justice of the Peace, Barrister, Registered Medical Practitioner, Commissioner for Oaths, Police Sergeant, Notary Public, Solicitor, Member of Local Authority, Captain of the Salvation Army" and the other unhappy ones who are qualified to countersign forms about coupons and pensions and swear that to the best of their knowledge and belief someone they have never seen before is a fit and proper person, etc. At present, they are not "responsible persons"—and well out of it. And anyhow, this column still thinks that the best way of beginning or announcing

a speech is "Ladies and Gentlemen." Short—but what a compliment!

* * * * *

This column entered the late conflict with absolutely no territorial ambitions: it does not seek to impose its "ideology" on any other people; and, as far as this column is concerned, the Americans can have Guadalcanal. It has never even expected much by way of reparations. But it did have two pretty humble hopes—one, a little German wine, and two, a Planetarium for London. "The Rhine for the French—the Wine for the British", was this column's motto: for, after all, the dear French make their own. But the years of Peace whizz by, and the Hock ships do not come. And now, the papers say, the dear French are sending all the Rhine-wine to Alsace, to put their own labels—and prices?—on it. Heigh-ho! As for the Planetarium, the Russians have the Zeiss plant at Jena where the projecting instruments are made, and who knows what is happening there? But couldn't we take one teeny-weeny instrument from Germany—and call

reparations quits? Or—brilliant notion—make one ourselves?

* * * * *

A "Harley Street specialist" has announced that it is a fallacy to suppose that mixing your drinks causes the trouble. What matters is "the total quantity of alcohol consumed." Well, well, forty million Britons can be wrong.

A. P. H.

Museum Piece

THE ammonia blonde gawks into the chest of Tut-ankh-A-Men and says Blimey is this all real gold should you say Albert?

The Air Lieutenant says I wouldn't know but anyway they've had it, hey what's this, The King's Wine-Cup, ev'rything laid on, what?

The Literature Behind Cricket

BACK in Britain after several months in that cricket-starved but otherwise admirable country, the U.S.A., I have been collecting material for yet another article in my series on the contemporary novel. I am deeply indebted to the B.B.C., the Australian Broadcasting Commission and umpires Borwick and Scott for many valuable suggestions, and to Miss Eunice Pool for advice on the preparation of the index.

Cricket is obviously a very good subject for any writer to fall back on. Alfred Corbishley tells the story somewhere of how Swinburne (or was it Browning?) always had a clause written into his contracts permitting him to use the great national game as the theme of one-third of his output of poems. And of course it is well known that Bernard Shaw considers the Life Force and King Cricket as his chief stand-bys.

It is a strange thing, this readiness of the public and the publishers to accept any and every addition to the already immense literature of cricket. "Take it home, cut out the James Joyce stuff and make the hero play for Glamorgan," said Mr. Cohen of Colman and Pursglove, publishers, when I first submitted my novel *Bare Feet and Inches*. And, by Jove, he was right. One chapter on cricket is enough to get your book right among the feature-length reviews.

Now there are several kinds of books on cricket. First, there is the factual record of some team's or some player's progress, usually compiled directly from the score-book but with subtle statistical delights added. Thus there may be charts showing the number of wickets taken with the first or last balls of the over and the number of times a batsman has been bowled leg-, middle- or off-stump. Several county scorers get handsome retainers from writers who need more detailed information than the ordinary score-book will give them—and every penny is earned the hard way. So the next time you are tempted to grumble about scoreboard inaccuracies remember that busy fingers are collecting the material for another superb book by Mr. C. B. Fendus.

Autobiographical cricket books do not really concern us here, since most of them are written by mere cricketers. All the same we writers can get a lot of useful information by studying such works. The way these cricketer chaps miss their opportunities, telling

their tale in simple straightforward language, calling a bat a bat instead of a baton or a mace, omitting all reference to the blonde spy who captures the batting-order on the eve of the Test Match, and the enemy agents sitting right behind the bowler's arm in loud check suits! Yes, there are many tips the young writer can pick up from the autobiographies.

If you are a writer of cricket fiction you should remember that premeditation is nine points of the game. Don't rush blindly into the opening overs. Let the reader have a good look at the teams first. Bring out all the comedy and tragedy of their domestic lives. You remember what the baby did to the fast bowler's flannels in Hugh de Selincourt's *The Cricket Match*? Well, babies have more than one string to their bows, haven't they? And then there's the weather and the groundsman. Can you trust either? Who made the six-inch slit in the covers at the Pavilion End? Who marked out the pitch eight yards longer than the regulation chain? And who was peeping through a hole in the sight-screen at the time? Some writers think they have done enough if they get a bat or a set of wickets incorporated into the design of the dust-cover and a cricketing paragraph or two (usually adapted from a press report) inserted among the verbiage of an ordinary romance or detective novel.

Not long ago I came across this dreadful stuff in a novel called *Death and the Dormouse*:

"... Nigel's batting showed no signs of the fibrosis which had been troubling him all through the previous season. His driving was as majestic as ever, and twice he lifted the ball over mid-off's head for glorious sixes. Nigel's average was now just short of a hundred, but he had not played enough innings to qualify for inclusion in the official averages. He was a certainty for Australia..."

Pretty transparent, isn't it? But see how Mr. Craythe-Walker let himself down in the next bit: "... a certainty for Australia, but everybody hoped that he would play for England instead..." Well, well; after that of course the novel collapsed completely for me.

Now a few words about the cricket essay—easily the most popular vehicle for prose in the game. The cricket essay is a form of all-in literature, nothing barred—or, *practically* nothing barred. You can't quite get away with surrealist, existentialist stuff; nothing like this:

"Brown body bowling, brown bowling, body bowling, brown, brown, brown. Cataract of energy and fouling muscle; the ligament of time torn convulsively spatters calories on the brown. A grim heathen parabola of shifting mass times weight, an in-swinging born of sewn seam, gusset and shine, sewn seam, gusset and shine. Then he began to bowl round the wicket..."

No, Mr. Chittering, you can't get away with that. But anything else is permitted—anything. You can write about Hutton conducting the Lord's Philharmonic and you can sustain the metaphor for page after page. You can set Bradman and Barnes a-conjuring runs from a gasometer at the Oval and keep them hard at it for an entire essay. You can wax metaphysical about the wiles of Grimmert or Constantine, or go all farmer and stockbreeder about Wellard or Gover. You can tie cricket up with nationalization, world peace or the riddle of the universe, and only ignorant foreigners will laugh at you for doing so.

So take your pick. Get down to a nice book on cricket right away—or, better still, bowl a few paragraphs at the Nursery End and slip them into that old rejected novel of yours. Then it will sell like hot cakes at a "Roses" match in Manchester. Hod.



"... And now we return you to the studio."



"I think it's grossly unfair of them to cut off the current when we were using only one burner."

Pan's Purge

I DREAMT that all the planning of peremptory humanity
Had crushed Nature finally beneath the foot of Man;
Birth-control and merriment, Earth completely
sterilized,

Bungalow and fun-fair, had fulfilled our Plan;
But the lion and the unicorn were sighing at the funeral,
Crying at the funeral,
Sobbing at the funeral of the god Pan.

And the elephant was crying. The pelican in his piety
Struck his feathered bosom till the blood ran,
And howling at humanity the owl and iguanodon,
The bittern and the buffalo, their dirige began,
But dangerously, suddenly, a strange ecstatic shuddering,
A change that set me shuddering
Though all the wailful noises of the beasts ran.

No longer were they sorrowful, but stronger and more
horrible,

It had only been a rumour of the death of Pan.
The scorpions and the mantichores and corpulent tarantulas
Were closing in around me, hissing *Long live Pan!*

And forth with rage unlimited the Northwind drew his
scimitar,

In wrath with ringing scimitar
He came, with sleet and shipwreck, for the doom of Man.

And now, descending, ravening, loud and large, the
avalanche,

And after it the earthquake, was loosed upon Man.
Towering and cloven-hoofed, the power of Pan came over us,
Stamped, bit, tore, broke. It was the end of Man;
Except where saints and savages were kept from his
ravaging,

And crept out when the ravaging
Was ended, on an empty earth. The new world began.

A small race—a smiling heaven—all round the silences
Returned; there was comfort for corrected Man.
Flowered turf had swallowed up the towered cities; following
His flocks and herds where nameless, untainted rivers ran,
Leisurely he pondered, at his pleasure wandering,
Measurelessly wandering . . .

Clear, on the huge pastures, the young voice of Man.
N. W.

At the Play

"THE MASTER BUILDER" (ARTS)

To give an adequate impression of Mr. FREDERICK VALK's acting to someone who has never seen him it is necessary to fall back fearlessly on Niagara, the Battersea Power Station and the organ in the Abbey and then to ask the reader to imagine the entire output of any one of these under such delicate control that it can be transformed from a mighty, thundering flood to the tiniest echo of itself in a fraction of a second. Mr. VALK is a short, stoutish man with an exceedingly mobile face, which is lit by burning eyes and a lingering, gentle smile. When he speaks softly, and he is in the main a quiet actor, his smallest whisper carries to the back of the house, and when he lets go his tremendous voice in passion the whole theatre seems to have been picked up and shaken by a giant. His hands he uses as no Englishman would dare to use them, and he acts with every square inch of his face, with his arms, his feet, and his little fingers, and even when he is sitting in repose he is still acting all the time with the lines of body and mouth. There is intelligence in his every movement, and it is therefore not surprising that in such an exquisite human dynamo the Arts have found a splendid interpreter of *Solness*, the ageing builder driven on by a near-maniac momentum and yet eaten up by terror that youthful skill will overtake him, and by remorse for the living death of his wife. Mr. VALK's slightly broken English is no bar to this performance. He plays the character of *Solness*, torn between god-like egotism and self-torture, with all the exact precision with which IBSSEN created it. Opposite him as *Hilda*, the vital young woman whose wild enthusiasm had nearly brought him tumbling from a tower ten years before and who in fact kills him in this way at the end of the play, he has Miss VALERIE WHITE, whose fine performance as the German girl in "Frieda" will be remembered. I

thought at first the bright, hard edge she was putting on *Hilda* was too steely altogether, but as the evening went on it became clear that with Mr. VALK as *Solness* such dominating self-possession was demanded. *Hilda* is a simple soul. She is still a ruthlessly imaginative school-girl, but in the scene where *Solness's* wife breaks down Miss WHITE shows that even her hard-boiled *Hilda* is capable of direct and generous sympathy. In appearance she is the very essence of Scandinavia.

Miss JANE HENDERSON plays Mrs.



HERE'S A HOW-D'YOU-DO!

Simple Simon. Mr. TEDDIE KNOX
King Wolf Mr. WILLIAM THOMSON
Old Mother Hubbard Mr. JIMMY NERVO

Solness, the dead woman mourning unreality, touchingly and Mr. DONALD HOUSTON gives a good account of *Ragnor*, the bitter young architect whom *Solness* has kept down. The Arts and their producer, Mr. PETER ASHMORE, are to be congratulated on staging so difficult a play so well.

"THE MAN FROM THE MINISTRY"
(COMEDY)

It was a good idea of Miss MADELEINE BINGHAM's to put the fire-escape of a reconstruction Ministry at the disposal of a determined paratrooper, demobilized and homeless, so that he could be rebuffed by a too permanent

official, fill his suitcase with the cream of the Ministry's forms and rubber stamps and go off into the countryside to see what could be done in the way of building pirate houses. Such a man has no difficulty in finding a town council anxious to start and grateful that a Ministry should send them a representative impatient of obstruction and charged, so he assures them, with the Minister's urgent instructions to go ahead under his own steam. There is plenty of that. A shortage of labour? Close the munition works! Not enough wood? Requisition the

timber allocation for the whole county! *Sergeant Brown* has charm, resource and the perfect confidence of a man who knows he is doing the right thing by all the tired little women with shopping baskets who are dragging out a cat-and-dog existence with Bert's mother. Red tape evaporates before him and in six months five hundred cosy, pink-tiled, all-electric mushrooms have sprung up outside the town. Even ministries stir in their long sleep, however, and the day arrives when this modern St. George has had it. How Miss BINGHAM extracts him from so awkward a lie must remain her secret, but I can at least divulge that his prowess is rewarded with the hand of the fair maiden—a very temporary T.C.3 snatched from her dormitory in Whitehall. The piece is alive with current humours, its fun is quick and hard-hitting and Mr. ANTHONY PARKER's production fairly fizzles with good business. The three leads are shrewdly cast,

for Mr. CLIFFORD MOLLISON as the *Sergeant*, Miss BERYL MASON as the *Secretary* and Mr. CHARLES LEFEAUX as a Higher-grade Dormouse miss nothing; and in addition several minor characters are roundly taken. Nobody who has ever had dealings with a Government department can fail to be delighted by this play, which should bring pleasure to a wide section of our harried, thwarted and roofless public for many months to come. The programme achieves a masterpiece of compression when it says: "Time—Alas, the Present." Complimentary tickets, please, to Mr. Bevan.

"LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD" (ADELPHI)

Those who like plenty of NERVO-and-KNOX-about (and who doesn't?) will find this gay if somewhat distorted version to their taste. For our two old friends are in tireless form, whether bashing a motor-car with a sledge-hammer, playing follow-my-leader with the Wolf or brightening with their presence the turgid streams of village education. Their best moment is perhaps when KNOX spoofs NERVO, already a little the worse for wear, with a glassless mirror on the other side of which he anticipates his movements but not his colour-schemes. From this ordeal NERVO emerges a screaming wreck. NOR KIDDIE as the Baron won my heart by his novel method of snuff-intake, from a toy balloon, and as the *Broker's Men* GEORGE and TIM DORMONDE by one of the most accomplished displays of single-wheel cycling I have ever seen. On these mulish mounts they even contribute a very lively chukka of polo. Miss NOELE GORDON makes a spirited *Prince* and sings really well,

Miss MARGARET COOPER carries the basket with traditional innocence, Miss JANET BROWN entertains us with some able impersonations, WOODROW gives his brilliant juggling turn with top-hats and cigar-boxes, and ELEANOR BEAMS' BABES, for whom one could wish some different appellation, prove their skill as acrobatic dancers. A delightful little ballet goes well to music from "La Boutique Fantasque."

Some of the lines are pretty rosey, so much so that the gag about being brought up at Eton, which I thought never to hear again, is actually exhumed in all its grisly detail; but the speed, humour and variety of the show save it. Mr. ALEC SHANKS produced.

"THE KING STAG" (LYRIC, HAMMERSMITH)

The Young Vic Company has got away to a good start with this picturesque eighteenth-century fairy-tale by CARLO GOZZI, in which a royal courtship is imperilled by mistaken generosity with top-secret charms. When a king is hunted as a stag by his own verderers and changes himself into an

ancient only to discover his beloved being dragged to the altar by his wicked *Prime Minister*, wearing the *King's* rightful body, then the time has come for supreme magic; and we are treated to a rousing display of it by a super-charged Merlin whose square green spectacles would make him as free of the American Senate as of the Magicians' Circle. So heartening an expenditure of high-explosive has not been seen in Hammersmith for several years. MOTLEY's attractive sets nicely fit the spirit of the piece, which is a blend of melodrama, buffoonery and feather-weight romance. Mr. JOHN BYRON's gentle *King* is all that a girl could wish, Miss JOAN HOPKINS is that girl engagingly through thick and thin, Mr. HECTOR MACGREGOR makes a most villainous politician and Mr. MAURICE BROWNING an upright statesman of the vaguer school. The cast know their stuff all the way down to a green parrot of outstanding character, and Mr. GEORGE DEVINE's production shows them off to advantage in a creditable first venture. ERIC.

The Ever-Rolling Stream

I TOOK down a novel.

"How delightful it would be," I read, "to offer the fair vision the hospitality of his punt." 1903 of course—a good year for punts.

"To see her lying upon the cushions while he, standing in the stern, pole in hand, sent the craft easily along the glassy surface of the river."

Delightful, indeed, on a "drowsy summer afternoon" (*Eheu! fugaces*), especially if your moustache "is the envy of the men and the admiration of the ladies," and the vision is the "sweetest girl in all the world."

True, of course, she is under a cloud for forging a will—or not: I couldn't find out which; but her innocence was on a fair way to being proved when I took up another book in the same binding. "Bagshot," I read, "boasted a luxuriant moustache which prepossessed him strongly in the favour of many a fair bosom," and over, or through, it "he did not fail to notice, two of the shapeliest little feet that ever peeped from under a dress." The lady, however, saw through his cover and "the members in question" quickly disappeared from view.

She had murdered somebody, perhaps, and I saw her safely to the dock and a certain acquittal before turning to a third novel. Yes, he had

a moustache. Yes, she was bewitching—already in Chap. I and by Chap. VI ("A Singular Apparition") "if she had looked lovely before, she was doubly so now." I don't know if she kept it up, but the novel had twelve chapters.

Flicking over these pages, I get the impression that the first decade was richer than the Atomic Age in fair women and constantly ardent men, and that in spite of some sticky etiquette the former could at last be persuaded, be prevailed upon, "to furnish their address," or the man was but a sad dog and had to waste a chapter in "ascertaining her whereabouts," conscientiously cursing himself for his negligence.

There were more capital dinners, it seems, more paper-knives to be toyed with, cigars drew better, time's salve was in greater demand, starts of surprise were endemic, more butlers (more and better butlers) quitted their visitors to ascertain their masters' pleasure. More (many more) servants obeyed their mistresses with alacrity (instead of quitting them that way), and if cabs were wanted, cabs were called, and came.

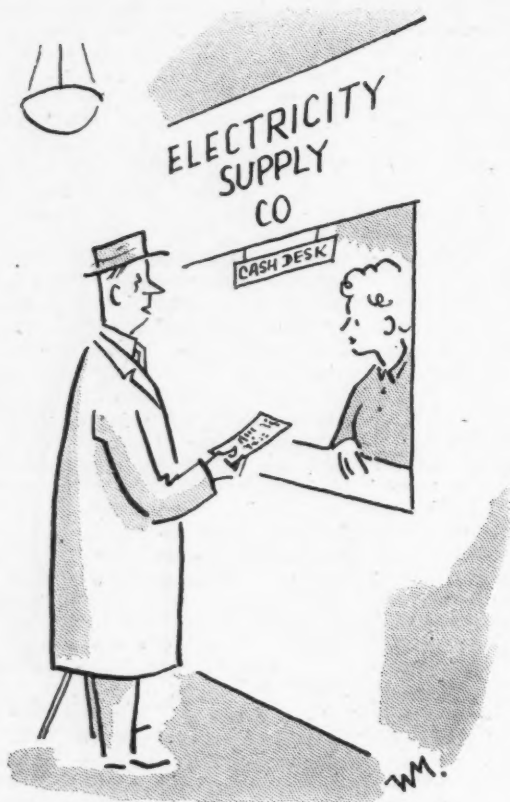
I remembered I hadn't solved the third heroine's riddle. What, I wondered, had she done? Apparently nothing, but since 350 pages stood

between her and the altar, her parents were obliged to withhold their consent. "Our union must not, cannot be," as she put it to Adrian. That drew many exclamation marks from him. By their Levelling tendency I guessed that he was not up to scratch in Birth, and must take courage from despair.

Nevertheless, there was an idyllic passage among the water-lilies: yes, in a punt, where Alice, yet unwoo'd and unwithdrawn, sat listening with downcast eyes while Adrian, armed with the pole, "endeavoured to ascertain if the tender penchant he flattered himself she entertained for him could be quickened to a still warmer sentiment."

Apparently it could and by skipping a chunk I found that Adrian had made so much money at the Bar (a generous literary provider) that his Birth was forgotten and true love was, after all, triumphant.

It was with a pang I replaced these books and turned to a volume of stark modern bilge, where arks of bigger draught are needed, with the odd thought that our heroes must now face their girls-with-a-past and a future grimmer than life with only the courage of their (many) convictions and without benefit of moustache. It seems sheer barefaced cheek.



"I've decided to make a fifty-per-cent cut in the amount of my electricity bill this time."

Our Booking Office

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks)

William Godwin

IN his preface to Mr. GEORGE WOODCOCK's patient and painstaking study of *William Godwin* (THE PORCUPINE PRESS, 12/6) Mr. Herbert Read suggests that a generation disgusted by authoritarian Socialism may be reanimated by turning back to the libertarian Socialism of which Godwin was "the first and most eloquent prophet." "Eloquent" is hardly the right epithet for Godwin, a tepid rationalist who believed that the restraints imposed by governments and moral codes could be replaced by free discussion, in which "the errors of one man may be detected by the acuteness and severe disquisition of his neighbours." One can understand the attraction of this panacea for Wordsworth and Coleridge in their ardent youth and for Shelley up to his early death; but at thirty a man begins to realize the melancholy fact that no one likes to be at the receiving end of "acuteness and severe disquisition," and that humanity is therefore not to be dragooned into Utopia by even the most self-satisfied of didactic perfectionists. It is unfortunate for Godwin that he should be remembered nowadays chiefly through his connection with Shelley, whom he treated as a seducer for eloping with his daughter in strict conformity with his own

principles, as set forth in *Political Justice*, but from whom he nevertheless continued to receive large sums of money. In earlier years, as Mr. WOODCOCK shows, he could be a pleasant and even at times a helpful friend; but that he has any reanimating power for our age is not established in these pages.

H. K.

Springs of Joy

At its best, the verse of MARY WEBB recalls Emily Brontë—at its worst Jean Ingelow. Its setting is a Brontë world, but less austere; with the Welsh Marches for the Haworth moors. Emily, writing on a little stool among the parsonage black-currant bushes or on a stone by Sladen Beck, enjoyed the same dual vision of small, homely things and magnificent horizons that renders *Fifty-one Poems* (CAPE, 5/-) at once a tribute to and an escape from domesticity. These poems were set aside by the late H. B. L. Webb when a collection of MARY WEBB's poetry was published in 1928. Only the last (additional) ten have since seen light in an anthology. They include "Hill Pastures," "On the Wild Hill," and "The Lost Orchard," all—especially the first—memorable for their rendering of Shropshire "values," aesthetic and human. Of the new fifty-one, some of the shorter poems, such as "Reflections" and "Heavy Silence," show a more controlled and epigrammatic form of great promise. JOAN HASSALL's woodcuts enhance every aspect of the book with unfailing discretion and charm; no easy task when you are illustrating a poet whose glance comprehends in two consecutive lines the pencilling on a small bird's eyebrow and the godlike march of the mountain clouds overhead.

H. P. E.

An American Bibliophile

From *My Library Walls* (JOHN MURRAY, 12/6) contains the reminiscences of Mr. WILLIAM DANA ORCUTT, a well-known American bibliophile and designer of books. An enthusiast for Charles Dickens, he describes with gusto a pilgrimage to Rochester on which he went in the summer of 1904 with Hall Caine, H. G. Wells and Anthony Hope. Barrie, another of his heroes, confided to him that *Peter Pan* was his dream-child and that he had not expected it to be a commercial success. It was from Mark Twain, Mr. ORCUTT tells us, that he first learnt that humour is a serious thing. "Being funny," Mark Twain said to Mr. ORCUTT, "doesn't amount to anything unless it rests upon a human note." More illuminating perhaps than his strictly literary reminiscences are Mr. ORCUTT's experiences as a bibliophile and artist in book production. In "An Old Book Tells its Tale," to give one example, he describes a folio volume of six hundred pages which he came upon in the library of Monte Cassino. With his special knowledge he reconstructed its history, and gives a very interesting summary of his conclusions. It was a theological treatise of the Middle Ages copied from the original manuscript by a monk who, though in an Italian monastery, was German by birth. The copying was done to dictation, from a brother who sat on a raised platform facing the copyists; and the copyists were monks who undertook this monotonous labour as a form of penance, each letter conferring absolution for one sin.

H. K.

Pig-Tails Are Not Worn.

It is pleasant to be able to assure intending readers of *Chinese Short Stories* (TRANSATLANTIC ARTS, 7/6) that these products of the new China are on the whole less fatuous

than their authors and translators would have us believe. According to Messrs. YUAN CHIA-HUA and ROBERT PAYNE, the chief point of Chinese short-story-writing is the chance it gives you to flout ancestral faith and morals. They quote a series of manifestoes by the flouters and bestow a formal benediction on the war for having brought them face to face with reality. Why battle, murder and sudden death are more real than hot tea on the domestic *k'ang* is not apparent. There are eleven stories, mostly of the "tender murderer" type, noted as fashionable in his day by Browning. An adulteress, cruelly flogged by the village, persists gamely in her intrigue. Another offers her life for a fish thief. "The Red Trousers" and "The Half-Baked" explore the martial opportunities noted by the translators. But the most impressive tale of all is "The Last Train," in which a festival train, set on fire by two revellers and unchecked by the apathy of intervening stations, hurtles on towards "a lovely cremation." The bibliography attributes to the writer Lao Shé "an overwhelming sense of humour."

H. P. E.

Lands of Many Colours

Mr. R. W. THOMPSON's book, *Black Caribbean* (MACDONALD, 12/6), is the story of a job, and describes how he went (reluctantly, since he would have preferred to be closer to war) on a mission, sponsored by the War Office, to visit Jamaica and other places of the Caribbean. His account is so colourful that it inclines to purple, and one rather regrets his lavish praise of so many vari-coloured ladies. In a serious book—and this is very serious, for Mr. THOMPSON is a great upholder of Empire, and aware of its precarious hold—it is rather tiresome to have to ponder with the author whether he prefers the skin texture of blondes or brunettes. Apart from those rather tedious mental excursions the book is excellent. It tells how the writer organized a rallying march round the island and also made a first-class map of it because, "in keeping with the lethargic curse that seemed to possess the white man in Jamaica, there was not an accurate map of the island." Other chapters describe travel in Honduras, a second great march round Jamaica, which was a triumph and earned its organizer the affection of the negroes and added to the prestige of this country. He describes many wrongs that he believes should be righted, is sometimes less than polite to the Americans, writes with a curious blend of gusto and philosophy, and defends many old methods—"It takes men of imagination, resource, ruthless courage and elastic principles to found an Empire, but it takes simple Blimps to hold it." He describes the spirit of the British West Indies as "a giant adolescent swiftly realizing its immense strength," and stresses the fear of the negroes, who sometimes went down on their knees—"In de name ob de King, sah—you will not leave us, sah."

B. E. B.

Underwater Who's Who

The river lamprey has a tough childhood. Socially it is handicapped by eyes sunk below the skin and a toothless mouth shaped like a horse-shoe, and its bitter disillusionment at such a raw deal is expressed by going into purdah for four or five years in a tube made of mud. The stickleback is frankly a pig; a captive specimen has been observed to consume seventy-four young dace in five hours. Almost any British pond provides an example of a matriarchy which puts our feeble attempts at human feminism in the shade, for the female water-flea is three times larger than her husband and outnumbers him by roughly a million to one, discrepancies that make true democracy unworkable. And the eel, though no relation to the camel, is fitted with

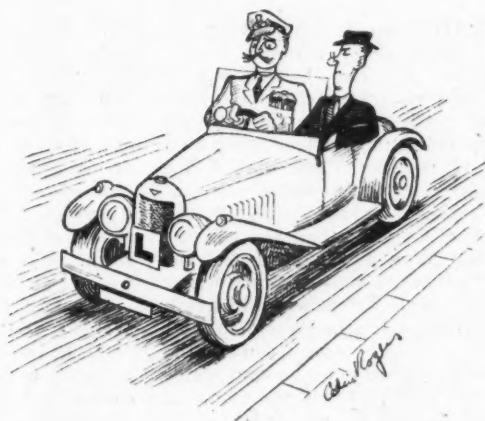
a spare tank for cross-country runs. In short, life at the bottom of our pools and rivers is very odd, very hazardous and very amusing to read about, and the foregoing information is only a taste of what the late E. G. BOULENGER, Director of the Zoo's aquarium, packed into *British Anglers' Natural History*, the newest volume in that attractive series, Britain in Pictures (COLLINS, 5/-). His idea was that fishermen would enjoy better sport and better fun if they knew more about underwater society, and as a guide to its unusual conventions he was an obvious choice. The book is beautifully illustrated by a number of artists, its star reproduction in colour being the lovely painting, "Salmon Fishing," by John Tennant. Had Mr. BOULENGER, who was a wise gastronome, lived to see his work to press he would never have passed "Friture de gougons," a dish which sounds so infinitely less edible than is the real thing.

E. O. D. K.

Royal Subject

"They will put you at your ease . . . they have fewer airs and graces than other men . . . but are friendly and more obliged than most men for civility." That comment on royalty, written early last century, is proved equally true now by Mr. LOUIS WULFF, M.V.O., in his book *Queen of To-morrow* (SAMPSON LOW, 12/6). He has done a difficult job extremely well, and though we may dislike his use of such words and expressions as "glee" and "frankly delighted" and "at her mother's knee," we may be grateful for the dignity with which he has written the life story of H.R.H. the Princess Elizabeth, avoiding foolish anecdote and intrusive speculation. And even if we learn little that we have not read of in the Press, it is pleasant to have the complete record of such a blessedly uneventful life in which horses and dogs, books and music make relief from the affairs of state. The most interesting chapter deals with life in the A.T.S. and is illustrated by a really enchanting coloured photograph of the Princess in dungarees. Mr. WULFF deplores (and rightly) all the vulgar speculations about marriage, but he quotes from a letter written by Prince Albert after ten years' experience as Prince Consort—"If a female sovereign is married the husband should continually and anxiously watch every part of public business, in order to be able to advise and assist her in any of the multifarious and difficult questions or duties brought before her." The book shows how multifarious are the duties of even a young heiress to the throne, and how much the nation owes to the great example shown in the public and private lives of the Royal Family.

B. E. B.





"Well, I'll marry you if you insist—but who do you suppose you're speaking to?"

To Be Dug Up Much Later.

ALADY in China has written to ask me why I ride a motor-bicycle. This is the sort of thing that puts us interpreters of life on our mettle. I am afraid you may not like or even understand what I am going to say any more than I like or understand the motor-bicycle, but dear heavens! I have a higher conception of my duty than just pleasing readers. More and more I feel the whole job of the contemporary writer to be recording for the social historian of the future. It is he therefore that I am now addressing, and if you and the lady in China can improve your minds as we go, well, that is in the nature of a bonus, for which I am glad.

What is a motor-bicycle? It is a horseless carriage on two wheels, torn through the air by a small incinerator which warms the feet and emits a thick spray of soot and oil over the shoes and trousers. I speak of course only of my own machine.

Is life on a motor-bicycle cruel? Of course it is. All life that is worth anything is cruel. It is also hard and stern. We would not have it otherwise.

Why do you ride a motor-bicycle? Well:

(1) In the thwarted lives which fall to us as a victorious nation it is an enormous help to know beyond any doubt which is going to be the worst

moment of each day. To move abroad on a motor-bicycle—my motor-bicycle—is to set a standard of squalor beside which all the squalors of peace pale into nothingness. It is an infinitely comforting focus, a heartening catharsis, of frightfulness. When Monday morning comes and I know that the boiler will have died, that I am about to stand in the corridor of the 8.12 for three-quarters of an hour next to the sniffing Simpkins, that no sanctions will deter Miss Wheatear from knocking up a brisk century of "all rights," that lunch will attain a new peak of wet-coddishness, and the B.B.C. has staked whatever it has left to stake on a chilly evening sleet, then I have every reason

to be cast down. But am I? Never. I spring up secure in the knowledge that beside the exquisite purgatory of cleaving the dawn on my iron steed all these little pinpricks are nothing, absolutely nothing at all.

(2) It has brought my singing on wonderfully. It's the oxygen, forced willy-nilly down the neck in an intoxicating stream which, up to the moment of writing (1947) neither the temperance societies nor the revenue have got on to, that does it. One may start out glum and frozen and with a heart full of hate, but within half a mile the soul is soaring on wings that know no hangover and "Annie Laurie" is bursting out in a great neap tide that drowns the loud clangour of one's progress and makes the passing houses dance and quiver. It is pure joy triumphing over pure hell, as hot chocolate sauce triumphs over ice-cream. By the time I arrive at the station I am so charged up with intoxication that it is all I can do not to kiss the station-master and change hats with Lord Worplesdon as he stands glowering at the common herd.

(3) "Live dangerously!" urge schoolmasters, politicians, preachers, retired stockbrokers and in fact all the chaps who should know. The motor-bicycle is specially constructed to comply with this demand. Mine is held together in its entirety by a single master-nut, and when this flies off none of the above could possibly complain of the results. Moreover, it is patently designed to make the most of whatever oil, ice or water the road may offer. Those who have never reviewed the world from underneath a heaving mass of white-hot metal cannot, in my opinion, be said to have emerged spiritually from the protozoic ooze.

(4) Exercise. There is an object sticking out of the port side which commonly instils life into the motor-bicycle after it has been violently kicked rather more than two hundred times. By then the blood is circulating beautifully. Also the motor-bicycle is planned, and it took a lot of brilliant men many years to get this right, only to break down at the bottom of steep hills leading to nowhere.

Is the sludge apparently inseparable from the use of the motor-bicycle in any way a social handicap? It is there only to be overcome. When I mount the 8.12 there is nothing about me to show I have not been deposited, like Lord Worplesdon, by a trim hireling with four wheels and six pounds a week. The metamorphosis never ceases to give pleasure to those privileged to observe it. First, I disengage from my

person an uncharted tract of tarpaulin, all such auxiliary incrustations as helmets, flannel visors, defenders of the chest and others it would be wearisome to detail, and of course my motor-bicycling surtout. These replace, in the spacious *oubliette* at the rear, my London hat and my current volume of Burke's-Wurkes. I attack my shoes with a yellow leather and my face with a damp sponge carried for the purpose in a rubber bag on the handlebars and put to simmer over the week-ends. Then, seizing my umbrella from its two spring claws on the tank I am free to mingle unostentatiously with my fellow-workers. If the train is late I am entirely sweet and clean, if early I am obliged to decide between the two.

I have said enough, I think, to give posterity an inkling of what it is to

participate in a dying civilization. There is another reason, which escapes me, why I ride a motor-bicycle, but it may be because my horseless carriage proper is always full of children going great distances to be sick in the company of other children. ERIC.

"The Male Voice Choir has now made a start, and it won't be long before the Rifle Club is in action."—*Trade magazine*.

Wait till you can see the whites of their eyes, men.

Step Forward

"Rule 2 (c): For 'organising donkey parades' substitute 'promoting humane education.'"—*Leaflet of Society for Protection of Animals in North Africa*.



"Ah! here comes the farmer—grumbling as usual, I'll be bound."

The Clock in the Grate

THERE is, I freely admit, a certain amount of inconvenience about keeping my study clock in the grate. For one thing, a good deal of time is wasted up the chimney. For another, when the clock begins to lose I have an absent-minded way of stirring it up with the poker. Also, it means I cannot have a fire.

But of course I could not have a fire in any case, because of the owl, and the owl is the reason why I keep my clock in the grate.

It is an owl that came in from the walnut-tree outside because it likes to sit upon my mantelpiece. I had to move the clock to make room for it, and there was nowhere else to put it except the grate. My study is that sort of study.

I did try putting the clock just outside the door, until I discovered that the owl did not hold with fires, because they made the mantelpiece too warm and gave it chilblains. So then I dispensed with fires, and brought back the clock—a thing I was very glad to do. I had found it most disturbing, having it ticking away just outside my door.

It was very difficult to consult, too, because it meant an awkward squint through the keyhole, and I several times put off seeing what the hour was until it was too late. I could have opened the door, but the owl does not like draughts. The clock was so much lower than the keyhole—that was the real trouble. I was arranging to have the keyhole shifted lower down when I learned how the owl felt about fires, and I accordingly cancelled the drawings.

Many people have asked me why the owl likes sitting upon my mantelpiece. I am as much in the dark as anybody.

I wrote to a weekly paper that specializes in answering such questions, but I had them there. All they could do was to suggest that I consult a psychologist. I did so, and we argued at cross-purposes through four separate appointments before the psychologist discovered that he was supposed to be psychologizing the owl and not me at all. The psychologist then threw up the case. He struck me as being the sort of psychologist that is not much interested in owls.

I have not yet made up my mind whether I enjoy having an owl on my mantelpiece. It is not a question to which I had ever given any thought before I found myself actually *with* an owl on my mantelpiece, and it rather caught me unprepared. As a close friend of mine—an insurance-agent by the name of T. Brooker—very truly pointed out, it does save me the expense of buying a stuffed owl for my mantelpiece. That was one of the pros. Another pro was that it would be a great advantage to me always to have a supply of fresh feathers handy for cleaning my pipe, if I smoked a pipe. A third pro was that I always know where the owl is if it is not in the walnut-tree, and I do not have to waste time going out and searching for it—often, very possibly, at night when it would be necessary to carry some kind of torch.

All these pros Brooker thought of by himself. He thought of some cons, too, of which the best and most convincing was that a time probably came when a man got tired of seeing an owl on his study mantelpiece. This was as true a con as ever I heard. The monotony of the spectacle has to be seen to be believed.

A pro I invented for myself, without

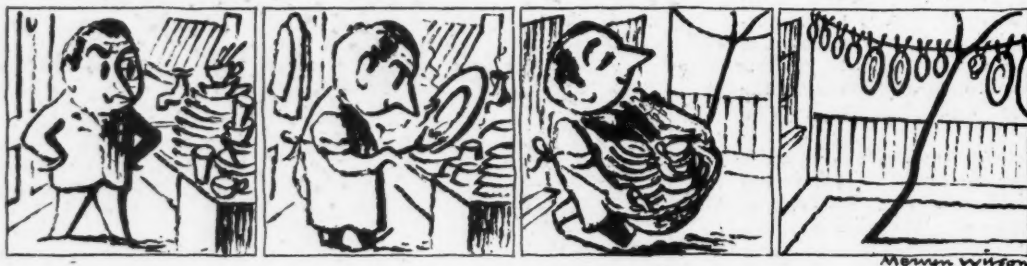
Brooker's help, was that it gave me a very wonderful chance of studying an owl at close quarters. I used to draw up my chair—I am speaking now of the days when it was still a novelty to have an owl on my mantelpiece—and study the owl by the hour. The owl took the opportunity of studying me in return. After many weeks of mutual staring it was a moot question which of us was the greater expert on the other.

The owl does not seem to have any nostalgic yearnings for the walnut-tree, which is still there. It has developed into a great home-lover, and I suppose I am a little flattered that it is my home it loves. Its wants are few. It is opposed to exercise, indulging in nothing more strenuous than a blink about once in ten minutes, or once in fifteen when it is tired.

For food, it is quite satisfied with my mid-morning cup of tea. It has long been my habit to sip a cup of tea at eleven o'clock, and this is always placed on my mantelpiece to cool. The owl can drink it hotter than I can, so the owl always gets it first.

It has now become a familiar sight indeed in my study, and it was quite missed last Christmas when it was temporarily screened by a row of greetings cards. Many people profess to envy me the owl, and one man who collects owls professionally has made me many handsome offers for it, by post, telegram, and telephone. I accepted his first offer, but he took no notice of this, and continues to make me bids, which leaves the situation in something of an impasse.

I should mention that the clock will not strike in the grate, but this is a drawback only to me. The owl does not approve of clocks that strike.



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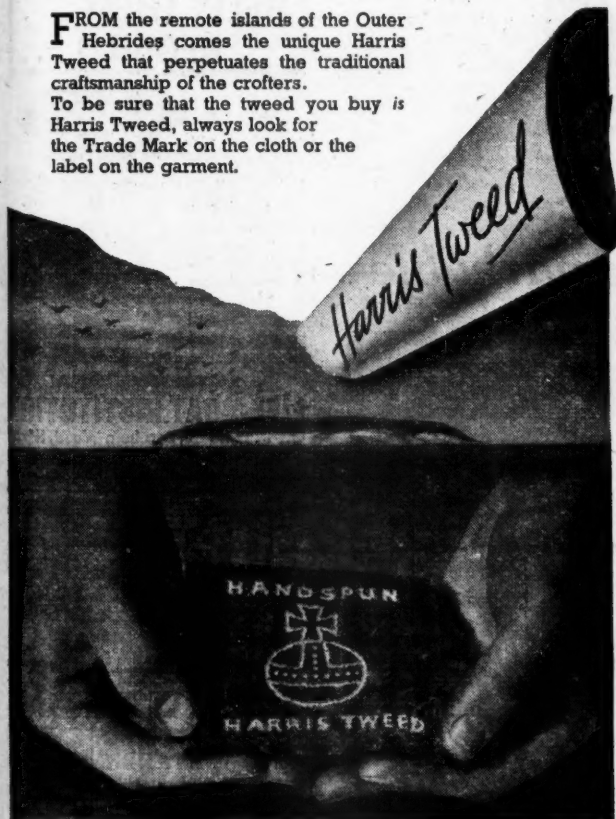


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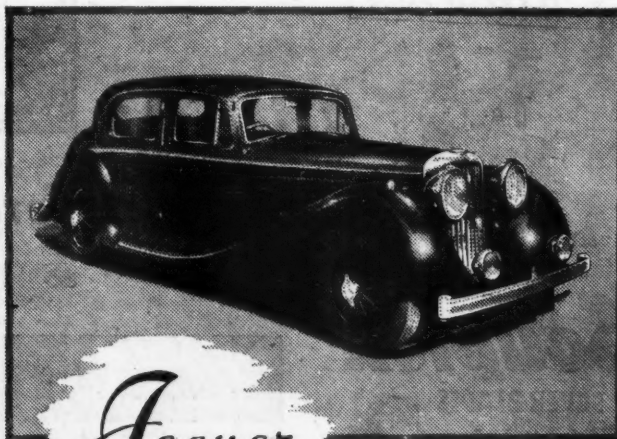
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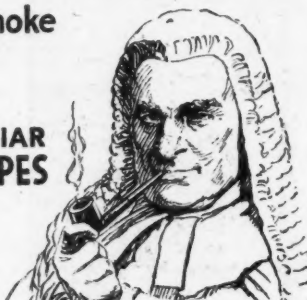
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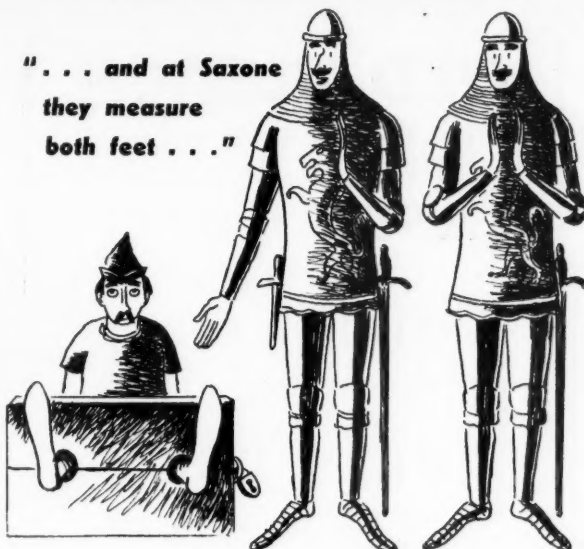
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By fitting an Iron Fireman Automatic Coal Stoker to your central heating boiler you can ensure the comfort and convenience of continuous, pre-determined heating.

You will welcome, too, the fuel economy effected with even the poorer grades of coal. Ask the makers for details.

Iron Fireman

"FIRST AND FOREMOST"
Automatic Coal Stokers

ASHWELL & NESBIT LIMITED
BARKBY ROAD, LEICESTER

Nowhere—



to lay their Weary Eggs!

No wonder Moths fly away when they come near "MODERNA" blankets. These are specially treated to make them **MOTH-PROOF**.

Yet "MODERNA" blankets have no smell, and they are made from the finest and softest lamb's wool. Also Guaranteed fadeless and never-shrinking.

They will come to you in lovely modern Pastel Shades—through the best Stores. You will be glad then that you waited for "MODERNA" to lap your sleep in luxury! Not available yet.

MODERNA

BLANKETS
for Softest Sleep

Thomas Ratcliffe & Co., Ltd.
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another name for quality and one of the oldest registered brands extant:

HOUSEHOLD LINENS and FURNISHING FABRICS

THE OLD BLEACH LINEN CO. LTD. RANDALSTOWN, N. IRELAND

TAKES THE STRAIN

Who doesn't feel the strain today? The aftermath of the war years is reflected in the nervous conditions which are prevalent in people everywhere. 'SANATOGEN' Tonic Wine is a restorative, combining the qualities of a rich full-bodied wine with the active tonic properties of 'SANATOGEN' Nerve Tonic Food.



'SANATOGEN' TONIC WINE

Per 9/- Bottle

The word "SANATOGEN" is a Registered Trade Mark



THE EDISON SWAN ELECTRIC CO. LTD., 155 CHARING CROSS ROAD, LONDON, W.C.2

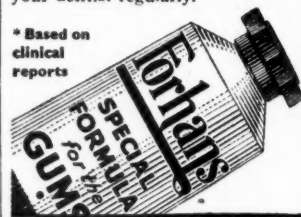


*4 out of 5 may get Gum Trouble

but not me!

Guard against—Tender, Sore, Spongy and Bleeding Gums. Dentists, for many years, have used Forhans astringent and reported completely satisfactory results. They also recommend Forhans Special Formula for the Gums Dentifrice for use at home because it contains the special ingredient of Forhans astringent. See your dentist regularly.

* Based on clinical reports



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Red Hackle

Scotland's best Whisky
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is the soul of the soup



★ Soup to which a little Marmite is added is a better soup. Marmite not only adds flavour and zest, it also provides essential vitamins. Always use Marmite for better soups, stews, and all meat and vegetable dishes. Marmite makes delicious gravy.

MARMITE. A concentrated Yeast Extract containing Vitamins of the B₂ complex.
Riboflavin - 1.5 mg. per oz.
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in Jars : 1 oz. 8d., 2 oz. 1/1,
4 oz. 2/4, 8 oz. 3/3, 16 oz. 5/9,
from all Grocers and Chemists.



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STATE EXPRESS 555
have maintained their
reputation as the best
cigarettes in the world

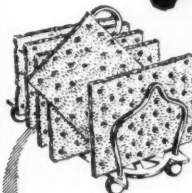


Export Packing



MR. PEEK: After this, our breakfast treat!

MR. FREAN: A toast-rack full of Vita-Weat!



PEEK FREAN'S

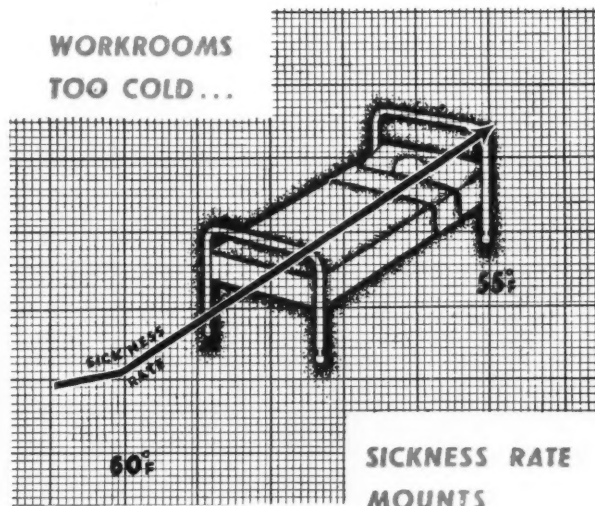
Vita-Weat

THE CRISP BREAD THAT IS ALL WHEAT



By Appointment
Peek Frean & Co. Ltd.,
Biscuit & Vita-Weat
Crispbread Manufacturers

WORKROOMS
TOO COLD...



SICKNESS RATE
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A check of time lost through sickness, in a factory employing hundreds of girls, showed a considerably higher sickness rate among girls working in rooms below 55°F., than among those whose rooms were kept at 60°F.

Keep sickness down with a

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“Good-bye, my boy”

ONE of these days you may be saying good-bye to your son as he goes away for army service or to live and work among strangers. Then he must find his own friends. His moral and spiritual quality will be tested under new conditions, and especially by loneliness—the loneliness of a barrack room, a strange town or perhaps a foreign country.

One of the tasks of the Y.M.C.A. is to serve young men in these circumstances. It offers friendship and encouragement, as well as recreative activities, for body, mind and spirit. Your son may be one of the many thousands who look to the Y.M.C.A. for help and guidance. By supporting this great undertaking now, you can do something to ensure that he does not look in vain. Please send a contribution to-day.



Donations may be sent to the Rt. Hon. The Earl of Athlone, K.G., G.C.B., President of the Y.M.C.A. War and National Service Fund, 112, Great Russell Street, London, W.C.1.

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How Ovaltine helps you to ensure



— a Good Night



ONE of the most important essentials to health is sleep . . . sleep of the right kind. It is Nature's appointed time for the re-creation of strength and energy, and the restoration of nerve, brain and body.

Widespread appreciation of this fact accounts for the universal popularity of 'Ovaltine' as a bed-time beverage. Delicious 'Ovaltine' offers these special advantages:—

- Its soothing nourishment helps to calm the nerves, assists the body to relax and promotes the conditions favourable to healthful sleep.
- During sleep 'Ovaltine' provides easily digestible nutriment for building up strength and energy, and nourishing nerves and body.
- 'Ovaltine' helps you to wake up refreshed, buoyant and cheerful, better prepared to deal with the work of the new day.

Because of its outstanding qualities, 'Ovaltine' is the food beverage most widely used in Hospitals and Nursing Homes throughout the world.

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